THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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IRELAND IN MEXICO.

Names of Illustrious Celts from the Green Isle, Intertwined with the Splendid and Romantic History of Our Neighboring Republic.

General Don Juan O'Donoju, Otherwise O'Donoghue, the Last Spanish Viceroy—How He was Outwitted by Iturbide and Ill-treated by Spain.

True to their history the world over, they have left here the imprint of their genius, their valor and their enterprise.

It would take too much time and space to go into details and mention many names, therefore I will confine myself to a few of the leading spirits of Irish origin who have pre-eminently distinguished themselves in their respective fields of action.

Commencing with that renowned sage, scholar, statesman and soldier, Conde Juan O'Donoju (Count John O'Donahue), the last of the Spanish viceroys, who came to Mexico during the summer of 1820, when the Spanish hold on this "New Spain" was even more precarious than that which they now have on Cuba.

Don Juan, as he was affectionately called on both sides of the Atlantic, being a statesman by adoption and a soldier by nature, did not require much time to realize that "New Spain" was practically lost to the mother country.

However, before Don Juan had an opportunity to gather up the tangled threads of affairs, as they existed on his arrival, he was approached by an ex-colonel of the Spanish army, named Augustin Iturbide, a native of Valladolid, now Morelia, and the capital of the present State of Michoacan. Iturbide was the son of Spanish parents, and had attained to the enviable position of colonel of the Queen's regiment of Celaya, but he had been cashiered from the army about a year before Viceroy O'Donahue's arrival. The man approached O'Donahue with a very plausible plan of campaign which he proposed to carry out against the rebels if placed in command of the army operating in the south, that is to say the States of Guerrero and Oaxaca. He had already prepared his own regiment for his purpose, and indirectly had tampered with a majority of the officers of the Spanish army stationed in the south, and while he was negotiating with O'Donahue he was also in full accord with the commanders of the rebel forces in his department, so that as soon as he assumed command the two forces joined together and made common cause against Spanish rule, and, of course, succeeded in their purpose, which resulted in the treaty of Cordoba, dated June 21, 1821.

The Spanish government, true to its traditions and principles (like that Christian nation on the other side of St. George's Channel), disavowed and rejected the treaty, and heaped indignities and disgrace upon Don Juan on his return to Spain. Although by his sagacity and statesmanship he had secured the best conditions possible for the Spanish crown, viz.:—the adoption of the kingdom of New Spain to be ruled by a prince of the royal family—his treaty was rendered invalid, and Iturbide went into the monarchial business on his own account by having himself declared Emperor of Mexico the 22d day of May, 1822. But the pinchbeck empire was a short lived one, for he was dethroned and a republic declared in the following October.

Iturbide was banished with a pension of $24,000 a year, and a sentence of death hanging over him if ever he set foot on Mexican soil again. Two years afterward he returned, and was shot in the State of Tamaulipas.

The next Irishman of note that I now recall was the gallant Lieut. O'Brien, of the United States army of invasion, under Zachary Taylor, at the battle of Buena Vista, thirty-five miles south of Saltillo.

Taylor had about 4,000 men on his side, and Santa Anna, of the Mexican army, had 32,000 men all told. The former took up his position on a high mesa or upland, which was almost entirely surrounded by a deep ravine.

Of course, the disparity in numbers of eight to one precluded the practicability of the American forces having a chance in an open field, hence old "Rough and Ready," as Taylor was called, prepared to fight it out retreat being impossible, and it was a matter of life and death to the Americans, the latter being completely surrounded and giving way very slowly at one point about 4 p. m. on the day of the battle.

Lieut. O'Brien was in command of a section of light Napoleon guns of about 2½ inch bore; his infantry were being gradually driven back, and the Mexicans were gaining a footing on the mesa. O'Brien had only five men left out of thirty, his ammunition was almost spent, yet he actually seemed to multiply himself into twenty men. He loaded his little guns to the muzzle with the coarse gravel of which the mesa was comprised, and pumped rock into the Mexicans in a manner that at first surprised them, then checked them. Another volley scattered them like chaff before the wind. Then, fleeing for their lives, with terror and in utter disorder, their disappearance might be compared to the flight of the English redcoats from the brave New England Yankees at the battle of Concord, when they fled so fast that they ran fifteen miles in forty-five minutes.

When the American army realized what had happened they pursued and cut down hundreds of the flying foe. Some may infer that O'Brien exceeded his duty, but the gallant Irishman was there to stay, and stay he did, and by his brave stand saved the entire command, for the Mexicans never take any prisoners, on the plea that it is cheaper to butcher their foes than to feed them.

Gen. Phil Kearney is our next great Irishman in Mexico, the hero of Cerro Gordo and Moleno del Rey, and the first to enter the city and raise Old Glory over the halls of the Montezumas.

At Cerro Gordo he was shot through the lungs and left on the field for dead, but a Mexican surgeon came along and derisively passed a silk handkerchief clear through his lungs and body, which action virtually saved his life. When the Americans charged over that part of the field again he was picked up and cared for, and it is worthy of note that, he actually fell inside of the Mexican line of battle.

He also lost an arm at Perote, and because of his dare devil recklessness was thereafter known among the Mexicans as "El Diablo Manco" (the one armed devil).

Gen. Shields, the hero of Chapultepec, who, though terribly wounded in the arm, ignored the pleading of his entire staff and staff surgeon, and refused to retire from the field, comes after "Fighting Phil." No persuasion whatever could induce this gallant son of Erin to leave his command or quit the field until he had hauled down the Mexican flag and floated the Stars and Stripes of his adopted country high o'er the castle of Chapultepec, saying he himself would haul down the ensign of the enemy and hoist "Old Glory" if it should be the last act of his life.

Shields was a remarkable man in many respects. He went to Bunker Hill, Illinois, when a young man and learned the printer's trade, studied law, practiced with Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln, raised a company of volunteers for the Mexican war, and was made Acting Brigadier-General before the close; was elected member of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and United States senator from the same state, and, strange to say, occupied the same places of honor for the States of Missouri and Minnesota. He was the only Union general that ever drove back Stonewall Jackson in the open field, and after whipping the invincible Jackson at the battle of Winchester, Virginia, in 1863, he never, for some reason unknown to the writer, drew his sword again in defense of his adopted country.

He died in Carrollton, Missouri, a few years ago, very poor indeed, a broken-hearted man, shamefully neglected by the great government he had served so honorably and heroically, but beloved and regretted by all who had the good fortune to know him.

It would require pages to enumerate the number of successful Irishmen in the commercial, banking, mining and other peaceful walks of life in this City of Mexico.

The Milmos of Monterey and Nuevo Laredo, Purcell of Saltillo, Macmanus of Chihuahua, the MacCormacks of Queretaro, O'Farrils of Puebla, Santiago Murray of Morelia, M'Avoy the coffee king of Chiapas, and many others all a credit to their nationality because of their probity and intelligence.

Don Patricio Milmo of Monterey and Don Guillermo Purcell of Saltillo possess records and reputations any race or people may well and justly be proud of. The latter bids fair to become the Jay Gould of Mexico. He is now building a railroad on his own account from Saltillo to Sierra Majada, a distance of ninety miles. He has made and lost several fortunes, up in the seven figures, several times, and his fortune, it is safe to say, will require eight figures to cover it. Don Patricio is one of the leading bankers in the Republic.

"Whether we look to the Senate or the Bar for the golden flow of eloquence and learning, to the shrine of the muses for the most beautiful and tender expressions of thought or feeling, or to the pages of history for the bravest and best heroes, we find the children of 'Old Erin' are always pre-eminently conspicuous."—Thomas Concannon, in the Shan Van Vocht.

[NOTE—It was James Shields, not Phil Kearney, who was wounded, as described, at Cerro Gordo. Kearney lost his arm, not at Perote, but at the gate of San Antonio, City of Mexico.—EDITOR.]

Daily Trains to Colorado, Utah and California.

Commencing at 10 p. m., Sept. 12, and every night thereafter at the same hour, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway train will leave the Union Passenger Station (Canal and Adams streets, Chicago) with elegantly equipped Palace Sleeping Cars for Denver and other Colorado points, with through connections at Denver for Salt Lake City, Ogden, San Francisco and points in Southern California. The route to Denver is via Omaha and Lincoln, Neb., and is first-class in every respect. All the modern facilities of travel are included in this direct route to Colorado—the Eldorado of the West. The allied lines, composing the route, viz., the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—Chicago to Omaha—and the Rock Island & Pacific—Omaha to Denver and Colorado Springs—have united to make this the most popular route to all points west of the Missouri river. Sleeping car reservations may be made two weeks in advance by calling at the city ticket office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 95 Adams street, Chicago, or by letter or postal card addressed to C. N. SOUTHER, city ticket agent. Telephone Main 2190.

GLADSTONE IN DEBATE.

Harry Furniss, the artist of London Punch, whose caricatures of Gladstone are so well known in America, has written and illustrated a paper for the September Century on "Glimpses of Gladstone." Mr. Furniss says:

I noticed that he always appeared to be very anxious and restless before rising to make a speech. His first movement upon such an occasion was to arrange his carefully prepared notes upon the box in front of him; then, taking from his pocket the historical pomatum pot, which contained, I believe, a mixture of egg-flip and honey—a recipe of Sir William Clarke's—he would place it out of view on the edge of the table by the side of the box. Then he would sit, placing both hands upon his knees, with his face firmly set, and with his hawk-like eyes fixed upon the Speaker, waiting for the signal to spring to his feet. Once up, he seemed composed enough, playing with the notes in front of him and arranging and rearranging them. Then, leaning forward and laying his hand upon the box, he would begin slowly, latterly with a husky voice. When the graceful introduction with which he prefaced his remarks was over, there would come an ominous tug at his wristbands, followed by an easing of his collar with one finger, a step back, a flash from those passionate eyes, and then—but let others describe his speeches.

As an artist, accustomed perhaps to use my eyes more than my ears, I content myself here with noting down certain personal traits—such, for instance, as that when the great orator paused to consider a difficult point he was wont to scratch the top of his head with the wrist of his left hand. When determined to drive an argument home to his listeners, he used to emphasize it by bringing down his ringed hand upon the box with a tremendous bang, of which energetic action evidence remains in the shape of many tell-tale dents in the boxes. I have examined these evidences, and it was interesting to find that the energy of the orator was much greater when he was out of office than when he was in power, the box upon the Opposition side being much more severely marked than its fellow in front of the Government bench, notwithstanding the terrific thumping to which that receptacle was subjected during the memorable oration of Thursday, April 8, 1886.

Another habit peculiar to Mr. Gladstone during debate was that of turning around and addressing members behind him. Upon one occasion, in 1889, he turned to his younger supporters and gave them this notable advice: "I stand here as a member of the House, where there are many who have taken their seats for the first time upon these benches, and where there may be some to whom possibly I may avail myself of the privilege of old age to offer a recommendation. I would tell them of my own intention to keep my counsel and reserve my own freedom until I see the occasion when there may be a prospect of public benefit in endeavoring to make a movement forward, and I will venture to recommend them to do the same."—holding up his hands like an old parliamentary prophet.

Upon great occasions in the House Mr. Gladstone's dress was very noticeable. He was then spruce, in a black frock coat, light trousers, and wearing a flower in his buttonhole. This generally indicated that a great speech was imminent. Whenever there was any excuse for wearing them, Mr. Gladstone had a partiality for gray clothes, which were not too fashionably cut, and once I remember that he caused some sensation by appearing in the house wearing a wedding favor. Something had evidently tickled his sense of humor upon the occasion, for he was "smiling all over," as he came in; and when he sat down by Sir William Harcourt, to whom he related the joke, his merriment seemed to increase. Afterwards he repeated it to Mr. Chamberlain, and again to the Speaker, finally quitting the House to tell it anew outside.

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DUBLIN'S HORSE SHOW.

A Splendid Gathering of Fair Women and Brave Men at the Famous Annual Equine Event of the Irish Capital.

Tory Tricks in Regard to the Yorks' Visit—Even Conservative Irishmen Incensed at the Political Capital Made Out of It—Bad Condition of the Irish Harvest.

DUBLIN, Sept. 1.—The great annual horse show was held here last week. It was the largest that was ever held in Ireland, and lasted four days. The largest crowd was on the day that the Duke and Duchess of York were present. It would hardly be possible to find in any other part of the world as fine a body of men and women as was gathered together at the horse show. There were from 15,000 to 25,000 people present every day. Most of them were from the provinces, and it is hardly too much to say that 30 per cent of the men would average more than six feet in height. The greater average height of the Irish than that of, perhaps, any other people, is best seen when a large number of them is brought together. Never have I seen so many men of well nigh gigantic stature in such a number of people gathered together at random from the different parts of the country. A stranger who knew nothing of Ireland except what he could have seen at the horse show, would think that it was one of the richest and most prosperous countries in the world. Not only would he see one of the finest and best-dressed crowd he had ever seen, but he would pass, in going to the horse show, through the finest and wealthiest part of Dublin.

The horse show is held in a large building standing on, but not covering, six acres. It is in the outskirts of the city, in a place called Ball's Bridge. It is the locality where most of the rich people of Dublin live, and it must be admitted that the quarter is magnificent. The houses are all red brick; they, and the grounds on which they are built, are kept with a care and a neatness that leaves nothing to be desired. If the houses of the rich people of London are larger, no part of it can boast of more beautiful residences than can be seen in the vicinity of where the horse show was held. It is generally known as Pembroke Township.

I wish I had all kinds of news from Ireland that would be so pleasant to write about as the horse show, and the magnificent gathering that was at it, but, unfortunately, I have some as unpleasant things to write about as ever happened in Ireland, looking at them in a national point of view. It is well known all over the civilized world that the representative of future British royalty, and his wife, were in Dublin during the week of the horse show. That was all right; and it was right to give them, or any other strangers, a hearty welcome, and to treat them with all possible courtesy. But more, much more, than this was done, for the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York was turned into a regular political triumph by the Conservatives and Tories. All the leading streets were ablaze with Union Jacks and all sorts of British flags and banners. Never had Dublin witnessed such a sight. Never had anything like it been seen on any other visit of English royalty to Ireland, and never had such a blaze of British flags been seen in any town or city in these islands. If the two royal personages had visited Birmingham or Glasgow very few flags would have been seen. They were hoisted simply because Ireland was the country to which the royal couple had come. It was as wanton and as brutal a display of political power, and, it might be said, of political blackguardism, as perhaps ever appeared in Ireland in a time of profound peace. Nothing like it was done in the memory of anyone living, for very many shopkeepers, who are Nationalists, were obliged to do as their Tory neighbors did, knowing well that if they did not hoist a British flag of some kind, they would be boycotted and lose, perhaps, half their trade.

If such an immense and never-before-seen, such a wholly unusual quantity of British flags hoisted in Dublin, owed its origin to the government, then the government made a tremendous mistake; for thousands that never were only lukewarm Nationalists before, are red-hot ones now. But the worst part of the matter is the boycotting that the so-called loyalists seem to have introduced as part of their programme. I saw a person holding a high position in a large dry-goods house here, and expressed my susprise on seeing half-a-dozen Union Jacks streaming from the windows, because the house is not situated in a leading street. The person said they were obliged to hoist the British flag, for, if they did not, they would be sure to lose a large part of their conservative customers. Isn't this a nice state of things in a supposedly free country? No one can deny that the Conservatives, Tories, Loyalists, or whatever other name they are known by, had a perfect right to cover their houses, from top to bottom, with British flags; but what is legally right may be morally wrong, and any display that tends to excite to anger, not alone the few, but the many, must be morally wrong. The Duke and Duchess of York may be angels and lovers of Ireland, but they have never shown that they are either. If such a display of love or loyalty were made to the Earl of Aberdeen and his truly noble wife, who have done so much for Ireland, most Irishmen would be willing to take part in it in almost any way, but when the visit of two people who have never, as far as is known, done anything, or tried to do anything, for Ireland, is turned into a political demonstration, it becomes time for every right-minded person, no matter what his politics may be, to protest against it. As to boycotting, it should be remembered that it is a game that more than one can play at. If the Tories want to boycott the Nationalists, the Nationalists can boycott the Tories. And here it is right to say that there are two large dry-goods houses in this city that were not afraid to show that they had the courage of their convictions, for they did not hoist any British or any sort of flag. These two houses are Clery & Co., of O'Connell street, and the Henry Street Warehouse, of Henry street. Not Nationalists alone, but every lover of manhood and an independent spirit, should never forget the example set by those two houses, and if the Tories want to begin boycotting they should be shown that they too can be boycotted.

In spite of the splendid prospect of an abundant harvest that there was a month ago, things are looking blue enough now. Rain has fallen almost every day for five weeks, and great damage has already been done to grain and hay. T. O. R.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS J. ROWAN.

We announce with sincere regret the premature death of Mr. Thomas J. Rowan, No. 223 Twenty-fourth place, this city, which occurred on Sunday evening, the 12th inst., at the family residence. Mr. Rowan fell a victim to consumption at the early age of 26 years and 11 months, sincerely mourned by all who had the privilege of his friendship or the pleasure of his acquaintance. In him the intellectual and spiritual faculties predominated over the physical and the vital. He had a bright mind, capable of grasping the most abstruse questions, and a zeal and industry that never flagged. He was educated partly by the Christian brothers and partly at the public schools, and made good use of his opportunites in both instances. About ten years ago, he passed the post office civil service examination with a high average, and had been, for several years, connected with the mailing department, and was, notwithstanding his distressing malady, always present for duty up to the Wednesday preceding his death. His comrades in the post office, as well as his superior officers, ever treated him with the greatest consideration, for all loved gentle, single minded "Tommy" Rowan, as he was familiarly termed, and the void caused by his death will not be speedily filled for those who so long worked by his side. Mr. Rowan's greatest ambition was to become a lawyer of eminence, and, with this end in view, he studied hard for two years at the Chicago College of Law, graduating finally with high honor. Soon after his graduation, the premonitory symptoms of consumption began to manifest themselves, and the disease, despite the efforts of some of the ablest physicians in the city, made rapid headway. He made a brave struggle for life, and, at the last, thoroughly exhausted by the combat, died with the calmness of a tired child going to sleep. He suffered no agony, and passed away to eternity consoled and fortified by the sacraments of the Catholic church, of which he was ever a devoted, although unostentatious communicant. He leaves, besides his afflicted mother, one sister, Miss Mamie Rowan, to mourn the loss of one of the best of sons and most affectionate of brothers. Mr. Rowan was a native of Belmullet, County Mayo, Ireland, and came to America, with his family, more than 23 years ago, settling in Chicago from the first.

The funeral occurred on Wednesday morning, from the house to All Saints' church, where high mass of requiem was solemnized by the Rev. Father Whelan, who also preached the funeral sermon, which was characterized by simple and touching eloquence. The reverend preacher was intimately acquainted with Mr. Rowan's pure and noble life, and had attended him throughout his fatal illness. The feeling remarks of the eloquent priest brought tears to the eyes of the mourners in the church, but the brilliant hope of immortality, reunion and perfect joy beyond the grave consoled the lacerated hearts of the sorrowing mother and sister who will see their beloved one never more in this preparatory existence.

The honorary pallbearers were Judge D. J. Lyon, John F. Finerty, Thomas F. Scully, D. J. Hagerty, Dr. W. P. Ryan, and B. Lyons.

The active pallbearers were F. J. Shannessy, Joseph Feenan, George T. Wiedinger, J. J. Walters, F. McGovern and J. S. Ginnan.

At the conclusion of the religious services, the remains were escorted by a large funeral cortege to the Dearborn station, where the mourners took the Grand Trunk train to Mount Olivet cemetery, where the remains of the lamented deceased were laid to rest. Numerous beautiful floral tributes covered the casket, and were laid upon the mound when the interment was completed. Requiescat in pace.

SISTER MARY OF JARLATH.

On Saturday morning week the above named sister breathed her last at St. Mary's convent, Notre Dame, Indiana. The deceased was born at Shandrum, Charleville, County Cork, Ireland, twenty-three years ago, and at an early age evinced a strong desire for a religious life. Having decided to become a member of the order of the congregation of the Holy Cross she came to America in the spring of 1893, and entered the above named convent where she died. A year ago she was attacked with that fell disease consumption, and in the hopes of thwarting it went out West last October but the change did not do her any good, so her superiors decided that she come back again. Since then she has lingered on and on. Saturday week, having received the last sacrament and made her profession, she breathed her pure soul into the hands of her Maker. Deceased, on account of her cheerful disposition and her devotion to duty, was a general favorite with the superiors and sisters of the order.

The funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon, and among the relatives present were Sister M. Malachy, LaPorte, Ind. (sister), David J. McCarthy, 4141 South Halsted street, a brother, and her cousin Mrs. T. J. Pateson, 628 Forty-sixth place.

MR. JOHN D. FLANAGAN, FORT DODGE, IOWA.

THE CITIZEN is grieved to learn of the death of its old friend and subscriber, Mr. John D. Flanagan, of Fort Dodge, Ia., who died in that city recently at the age of 46 years and a few months. He was a sterling citizen and an enthusiastic friend of Irish liberty. Mr. Flanagan was born in the township of Rathfreedath, New Castle West, County Limerick, Ireland, and came to this country several years ago. He represented Webster County, Iowa, in the state legislature in 1892, and made a most creditable record. In 1893, he was one the chosen representatives of his splendid state at the World's Fair, in this city. He married, in 1882, Miss Mary Broderick, of Bloomington, Ill., and two daughters, Mary, aged 14, and Maud, 13, blessed the union. Mr. Flanagan's aged father had one brother remain in Ireland, while one brother and five sisters reside in this city. The funeral was very largely attended and the obsequies were held in the Catholic Church of Corpus Christi. Requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Burke, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Campbell and Heelan. Father Burke preached the sermon, which did ample justice to the high character and noble qualities of the deceased. The pall-bearers were: Messrs. C. W. Maher, M. F. Healy, P. H. Vaughn, Daniel Fitzpatrick, A. L. Farling and Francis Collins. The cortege, which followed the remains to the Catholic Cemetery, in which they were interred, was nearly a mile in length. May he rest in peace.

"AN IRISH GENTLEMAN."

The attraction at McVicker's Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday, Sept. 20, will be Andrew Mack, the popular "singing comedian," in his tremendously successful new play of life in Ireland called "An Irish Gentleman." Mr. Mack appeared in Chicago last season in a somewhat threadbare Irish drama entitled "Myles Aroon," and while the critics acknowled his unquestioned dramatic ability and his delightful faculty for singing quaint Irish songs, there was expressed a universal desire to see him in something newer and more worthy of his talent. That wish will now be gratified, for Mr. Mack has come under the management of one of the formost theatrical firms in the country, Rich & Harris, and these gentlemen have started him on a career which has already begun with unequivocal success. They have had written expressly to fit his requirements a new play of life in Ireland by Ramsay Morris. The title is "An Irish Gentleman," and the author, aside from supplying Mr. Mack with a magnificent star part, is said to have produced the most captivating picture of Irish life since the days of "The Shaughraun." He has kept away from the beaten path of Irish plays, and has discarded the peasant boy in shabby corduroy race breeches, the red coats, evictions and constabulary which have done duty for years. Instead he has pictured a hero who is a young Dublin College graduate; a witty, humorous, romantic, happy-go-lucky chap of captivating disposition, and possessing all the most fascinating qualities usually attributed to natives of the Green Isle. This character he has surrounded with ladies and gentlemen, and he has made the action of his play pass on a fine old estate in the neighborhood of the Lakes of Killarney. The story of the play, a love theme, is most interesting. It abounds in comedy, sentiment, pathos, and strong dramatic situations. Mr. Mack has a role which fits him like a glove and which he handles superbly. In addition he has introduced a number of new songs, written expressly for the production. Among them are: "The Irish Street Singer," "My Sweetest Girl," Mack's "Dove Song," and "My Heart's Delight." The star's supporting company is the strongest yet seen with an Irish comedian. "An Irish Gentleman" has scored an enormous success in the East, where it has been hailed as a delightful novelty. It is pretty safe to predict that this success will be duplicated at McVicker's.

OUR advice to those who are conducting the Luetgert trial—"Boil it down."

NO MORE BIG STRIKES

The View Taken by Some Optimistic People Up Around the Pittsburg Coal District.

AT LEAST FOR ONE GENERATION,

Pittsburg to Secede from the National Body If Dolan Can Have His Way—Some Revelations at Columbus the Cause of the Change of Policy—No Notice To Be Taken of the Ten-Day Limit—Women in a Mob at Plum Creek—Four Arrested—Looking for More Trouble at Hazleton.

Pittsburg, Sept. 14.—The national bituminous coal miners' strike of 1897 will probably be the last of the kind for the present generation, and hereafter the difficulties arising through wage disputes will likely be settled by states and districts, and a revolution may be expected in differentials favoring other states, as the Pittsburg miners have had their eyes opened. M. D. Ratchford, national president, and Patrick Dolan, district president, both expressed themselves privately that they were thoroughly disgusted at the action of the delegates from Illinois and West Virginia, and the cupidity of some Ohio delegates who wished to continue the strike. Last night President Dolan met in conference with the original committee of seven, representing the "Big Thirteen," or lake shippers. After the meeting Dolan said he had told the operators that the ten-day clause in the Columbus settlement was a farce, and that he would not interfere in any way with any miners who wished to return to work today or any other day before the ten days had expired.

Would Have Pittsburg Secede.

It is the present intention to make a concerted effort to have the Pittsburg miners in a body secede from the national organization and form an organization for this district alone. The facts concerning the Columbus convention will be laid before the delegates to the convention tomorrow and it is believed the whole district will be running in full by Thursday morning. The machine cutters at the Darr mine of Osborne & Saeger went to work yesterday morning and the men resumed at the Jumbo No. 1 mine of the Robbins Coal company. The miners of the Eclipse, Anderson, Hacket, Nottingham and Germania on the Wheeling division, also met yesterday, and after hearing a report from the delegates to Columbus, decided to ignore the ten days' clause and to resume work this morning. J. J. O'Neill received word from the men at the Webster mine that they would resume at once. The miners in the vicinity of McDonald also tried to get into the pits and it is believed that by Thursday the mines will generally have resumed. The men at Osceola mine will also be at work today. Meetings were held yesterday all over the district, and in anticipation of a general resumption the operators have everything in readiness for the diggers to begin at a moment's notice.

Women Go on the March.

Pittsburg, Sept. 14.—The women went on the march at Plum Creek again yesterday, led by Emma Haas, the "Joan of Arc" of the strike. The result is that Emma an three other women were arrested, nearly every deputy was more or less clubbed and Samuel De Armit was cut in the hand with a knife. The riot was the result of a carefully planned attempt to prevent the men at work at Plum Creek from entering the mines. There were about twenty-five women and about fifty strikers concerned in it. The plan was to have the women march in front with their babies, with the design of working on the sentiments of the men who would be going to work and to act as a shield to the rest of the party. The women were to crowd around each man as he attempted to go into the mine, take his dinner bucket from him, and then throw it into the ditch.

Emma Haas Heads the Column.

About daylight the party started out, headed by Emma Haas. Those not having a baby carried a pick handle or a club of some sort. On the Murraysville road they encountered a posse of deputies and were ordered back to the camp. No attention was paid to the order and the party tried to force their way through the line of deputies. A scuffle followed and Emma Haas and three other women who were in the lead were arrested. A scene of wild excitement then ensued. The moment a deputy laid hands on a woman he was surrounded by others waving clubs in the air and using them on the head of a deputy when the opportunity offered.

Deputies Held Their Prisoners.

Deputy Walker was severely clubbed and S. C. De Armit was cut in the hand. He says he was attacked by a woman with a knife. The deputies finally got their prisoners into the company stables, and later brought them to this city, where they were lodged in the county jail. The names of the women arrested were: Emma Haas, Mrs. John Kosar, Mrs. Frank Haas and Mrs. Elsner. Mrs. Kosar and Mrs. Elsner had their babies with them. After the removal of the prisoners from Plum Creek the excitement subsided and the women and strikers returned to camp. The reason more of the women were not arrested was that four or five deputies were required to hold one of them.

HAZLETON IS A VOLCANO.

That May Start an Eruption of Turbulence at Any Moment.

Hazleton, Pa., Sept. 14.—Trouble has broken out at Coxe Brothers' colliery at Eckley. Two hundred miners at Buck mountain, which is about three miles from Eckley, went on strike yesterday morning and started towards the Eckley mine. The superintendent of the Eckley colliery telegraphed General Gobin for troops, but later in the day the request was withdrawn, the superintendent notifying the general that the striking miners had stopped marching. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon General Gobin received another telegram stating that these miners had again assembled; had marched on the Eckley mines, and forced the miners to quit work. It was stated in this dispatch that the miners had been roughly handled by the strikers. General Gobin ordered the City Troop, of Philadelphia, to go to the scene of the disturbance. The troopers rode across the mountains, a distance of eighteen miles, to Eckley. Eckley is a small mining village and lies in a valley.

There are a number of collieries there, and fears have been entertained for the past forty-eight hours that trouble would break out, as the men had been acting very ugly. The situation last night in the Hazleton district was one of unrest. All the collieries in this district are apprehensive of danger. Requests have been pouring in to General Gobin from the various mines asking that he send troops to the places in order to prevent any possible outbreak. The general states that he will not send troops to any point unless an outbreak does occur. The general declines to give the names of the collieries, as all the men in them are still at work. The operators, however, are apprehensive of a strike, and want to be prepared for any emergency.

Two mine superintendents in this immediate vicinity have asked General Gobin to place guards around their houses. This has been done. General Gobin will not mak public the names of the superintendents who made the requests. Two actresses who are playing in a theatre here, overheard a conversation on the main street of Hazleton yesterday to this effect: They were passing a group of miners and overheard one of them remark: "I've got the material, but I don't know how to mix the d——d stuff. If I did I would blow them up tonight." This information was sent to General Gobin, and as he had already heard mutterings from other sources, he decided to send guards to the houses of the two mine superintendents. The guards were not placed on duty until after dark.

The first discord between the military and the strikers occurred yesterday, and General Gobin was angry about it. Following his order against the proposed funeral demonstration he arranged for a conference yesterday morning with the Polish priests who are looking after the cause of the men. He impressed them with the necessity for preventing any show of a military character and said he would permit no uniformed men to participate except those representing religious societies. Bands of music, side arms, sticks apd banners were also prohibited. The priests promised that all this should be agreed to, and the commander on the other hand agreed to keep all troops away from the funerals. Somebody stole a march on the general, however, and although he later revoked the clause excluding music, there were men in line wearing the uniform of the Italian army, and others carrying drawn sabres. Six of the latter stood in front of the church during the ceremonies within. "The priests gave me their sacred promise that no arms should be carried nor military uniforms worn," said General Gobin. The general added that he would demand an explanation from the clergymen.

Labor Troubles at Elwood, Ind.

Elwood, Ind., Sept. 14.—The Elwood window glass plant, stopped by a strike of some of the workmen, is in operation again. Another organization of flatteners and cutters not formerly in the union has been formed and nearly all the striking members have joined it. The new organization has joined the national association and thus bridged over the difficulty. An agreement has been made that the four grades of workmen are to share proportionately in any advance in wages. Forty men were brought from Richmond to take the places of the strikers in the tin plate factory. The strikers shut the switch gate, but the engineer ran his train through the gate and landed the men inside the factory. There is considerable excitement over the arrival of the new men.

Tried to Stop Another in Illinois.

Springfield, Sept. 14.—One hundred striking miners marched out to the Black Diamond mine, south of the city, about 6 o'clock last evening to try and induce Robert Solomon, one of the owners, his two sons and four other men who were at work there to quit. Walter Powell, who was loading coal, was assaulted by the strikers after some words, and Sheriff Baxter was sent for. When he arrived the miners were leaving. The men at work declined to quit. Several arrests will be made.

Miners Would Not Go to Work.

Springfield, Ills., Sept. 14.—A special from Tallula to the State Register says: Early yesterday morning the superintendent of the coal shaft here ordered the miners to take out their tools or go to work. Nearly all responded by taking out their tools, and none have gone to work, and say they will not until the strike is ended.

Decided to Continue Striking.

Springfield, Ills., Sept. 14.—The miners of Athens, Menard county, held a mass-meeting yesterday afternoon and elected delegates to the convention at Springfield Sept. 19. They decided by unanimous vote to continue the strike.

Scores on the Ball Field.

Chicago, Sept. 14.—League base ball records yesterday: At Baltimore—Chicago 2, Baltimore 4; (second game) Chicago 4, Baltimore 11; at Brooklyn—New York 8, Brooklyn 8—seven innings, darkness; at Washington—Cincinnati 2, Washington 1; at Louisville—Pittsburg 2, Louisville 7; a Boston Rain.

Western League: At Columbus—Detroit 11, Columbus 19; at Indianapolis—Grand Rapids 4, Indianapolis 15; (second game) Grand Rapids 4, Indianapolis 16; at St. Paul—Kansas City 1, St. Paul 10; at Minneapolis—Transferred to Milwaukee.

Western Association: At Kansas City—St. Joseph 12, Quincy 6; at Dubuque—Peoria 7, Dubuque 0; at Rockford—Exhibition game, Jim Corbett on first base, Rockford winning from Cedar Rapids 2 to 1.

Outcome Is Some More Talk.

Anderson, Ind., Sept. 14.—The outcome of the warfare that has been waged here for the past week between the spiritualists and anti-spiritualists is an arrangement for a joint debate between Elder William R. Covert, presenting anti-spiritualist conviction, and Moses Hull, representing the spiritualists. They met yesterday afternoon at the Doxey hotel and signed articles of agreement for a four days' joint debate to be held at the Opera House in this city beginning Tuesday, Oct. 5.

Princess May to Appeal for the Irish.

London, Sept. 14.—It is reported that the Duchess of York will shortly issue an appeal in behalf of the Irish who are threatened with famine, similar to the appeal which the Princess of Wales made in behalf of the London poor at the time of preparations for the queen's jubilee celebrations.

JUROR IS TAKEN SICK

Proceedings in Luetgert Murder Case Are Stopped.

NEW TRIAL MAY BE NECESSARY.

The Prisoner Has No Right to Waive Objection and the Law Makes It Impossible to Continue by Agreement—Detective Says He Heard a Defense Witness Say He Believed the Bones Introduced in Court Were Human.

Chicago, Sept. 13.—Another sensation in the Luetgert trial developed at noon Monday just after the adjournment of court. Detective Einstedt of the East Chicago avenue police station and a newspaper man vouch for the truth of a startling report which was made to the state's attorneys. The report is that two of the expert witnesses for the defense have decided that the bones exhibited are human and will not be able to controvert the testimony of the prosecution on that point. Dr. W. H. Allport and another of the scientists summoned by the defense were examining the bones when one of them made the remark:

"I think the bones are human."

Juror Taken Sick.

After further examination the remark was made by one of the experts that Bailey and Homes would not have testified as they did unless they were positive. Near the two experts, but unnoticed by them, stood Officer Einstedt and a newspaper man. Both assert that they heard the language used as above stated and reported the fact to the prosecuting attorneys. All proceedings in the Luetgert case were stopped Monday morning by the illness of Juror John E. Fowler, Jr. As a result, the whole trial may have to begin over again before an entirely new jury. Dr. McNamara fears the illness may be serious. He says Mr. Fowler is suffering from chills and fever. The juror has been sick since Saturday afternoon.

May Recover Promptly.

There is a chance that he may recover promptly and be able to go on with the case. Then there is also at present the other possibility that he may enter on a protracted illness. In case he is unable to go on with the case there will be nothing to do but dismiss the present jury, draw a new one, and go back to the very beginning of the testimony once more, with Dietrich Bicknese on the stand, telling of his suspicions regarding his sister's disappearance. All the long examinations and cross-examinations must be gone over once more. Three long weeks' work will be lost. All this is because Luetgert—like every other American citizen—has a constitutional right.

Must Have Twelve Jurors.

He must be tried before a jury of twelve of his peers. Not even he can waive this right. There is no possibility of the trial going on by consent with eleven jurors. Even were it constitutional, the attorneys for the defense would not allow it. The state has shown its hand. Nearly all the evidence against Luetgert has been disclosed. Much of it was a surprise to the defense. It found them insufficiently prepared. Now, if the trial is recommenced, they will have plenty of time to prepare to meet the points of the state. It will give them a great advantage.

WANT $1.50 A DAY.

Demands of the Striking Trammers of Negaunee, Mich.

Negaunee, Mich., Sept. 13.—The striking trammers at the Negaunee mine have placed their case in the hands of the union and are demanding at the suggestion of union officials $1.50 per day, instead of $1.45. A committee of two union officials called on Manager Samuel Mitchell in the interest of strikers and he refused to talk to them. He said he would not recognize the union in any way and told the committee that if his own men came to him he would talk to them.

Mr. Mitchell says the mine will remain closed before he will concede the demands of the trammers. He told the men that there was no money to be made on ore at present prices and that he was satisfied to let the mine remain idle for a while. The men declare they will not go back at the old wages.

Used Pretty Strong Language.

Denver, Colo., Sept. 13.—At a mass-meeting under the auspices of the Painters and Decorators' union to protest against government by injunction, J. R. Hogan, organizer for Debs' social democracy in this district, created a sensation by saying: "In this country everything is for sale from a men's conscience to a woman's virtue." Rev. T. H. Malone, one of the previous speakers, entered an emphatic protest against this statement and left the hall, followed by ex-Gongressman Lafe Pence and a majority of the audience. Mr. Hogan then delivered a violent tirade against Father Malone.

Victims of Newcastle Wreck.

Denver, Colo., Sept. 13.—The woman killed and partly cremated in the Newcastle railroad wreck, who had a watch inscribed "Mamma to Mamie," has been identified as Miss Mary E. Johnston of Pomona, Cal. It is believd that the corpse clasped in her arms was that of her friend, Nellie Davis of Pomona. The charred remains of seven unidentified victims of the accident arrived in Denver Monday and will be buried here.

Prospects of Peace in Uruguay.

Washington, Sept. 13.—A cablegram received at the navy department from Commander Perry of the gunboat Castine at Montevideo, says that commissioners representing the government of Uruguay and the insurgents have agreed upon terms of peace which are still subject, however, to the ratification of congress. It is not doubted that the agreement will be ratified and the Castine will go to Buenos Ayres.

Emperors Meet and Kiss.

Totis, Hungary, Sept. 13.—Emperor William, with a numerous suite, including General Count Obrutscheff, chief of the Russian general staff, arrived here Sunday afternoon and was received at the military station by Emperor Francis Joseph. The two emperors kissed each other twice and repeatedly shook hands effusively. Emperor William wore the uniform of his Austrian hussar regiment.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Mrs. George Parker of Whiting, Ind., died from burns received in a gasoline explosion. She was cleaning a bed, when the vapor was ignited.

An 80-year-old man of Somerville, Me., who for half his life has been partly blind and partly deaf, has recovered his senses in full without treatment.

Burt McAllister was killed at Flora, Ills., by a lumber pile falling on him.

Benjamin C. Bradley, one of the Champaign county, Ills., pioneers, died at his home in Champaign, aged 82 years.

A report is current in Paris that the Empress of Austria expects to visit Paris soon to make a pilgrimage to the scene of the catastrophe of the Rue Jean Goujon, where her sister, the Duchess d'Alencon, perished.

The $25,000 residence of Mrs. Mary Safely, at Lodi, Parke county, Ind., was destroyed by fire.

Ida Bolley died at La Grange, Ind., while in a fit of laughter. A blood vessel broke.

Two French lovers resolved to die together, and the man shot the woman and then himself. They have both recovered and are now married.

John Harris, aged 16, went bathing to Lake George, near Galesburg, Ills., was taken with cramps and drowned.

The clergy of Erie, Pa., have challenged the lawyers of that city to a game of base ball and the challenge has been accepted.

Johanna Ehrmann, the 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Ehrmann of Wausau, Wis., took a dose of rat poison and died because some one had said that she was a flirt.

A monument to the memory of Samuel Thomas von Semmering, who, Germans claim, was the inventor of the electric telegraph, was unveiled a few days ago at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Mrs. Howard McFarland of McLean, Ills., was burned to death by her clothing igniting from a gasoline stove. Her son, aged 8, was severely burned in an endeavor to save his mother.

The Marsden company of Philadelphia is to erect in Chenoa, Ills., a $40,000 plant for manufacturing cattle feed from corn stalks.

While handling a 1,500-pound ladle molten iron slightly spattered William Kreig and John Michaelson, employes of the Pioneer stove works at Sioux City, Ia. Michaelson dropped the handles, and the metal flowed over the floor, inflicting fearful burns on Michaelson and Kreig, Henry Anderson, a spectator, and John and Charles Neussie.

Ex-King Milan of Servia has inherited the entire fortune of the late Baron Baich, amounting to many millions of florins.

Died of Sunstroke.

Champaign, Ills., Sept. 13.—A. C. Burnham died of sunstroke at 2:30 o'clock Monday. He was the head of banking and real estate firms in this city, Huron, S. D., and Beatrice, Neb.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 13.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—September, opened 96c, closed 94½c; December, opened 96¾c, closed 94¾c; May, opened 94½c, closed 94½c. Corn—September, opened 30c, closed 29¾c; December, opened 31¾c, closed 31⅝c; May, opened 35c, closed 35c. Oats—September, opened 19¾c, closed 19¼c; December, opened 20¾c, closed 20¼c; May, opened 23¾c, closed 23¼c. Pork—September, opened and closed nominal; October, opened $8.17½, closed $8.25; December, opened $8.05, closed $8.30. Lard—September, opened and closed nominal; October, opened $4.35, closed $4.47½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 17½c per lb; extra dairy, 15c; fresh packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 12½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 7@8c per lb; chickens (hens), 7½@8c; spring chickens, 9c; ducks, 7@7½c. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 40@50c per bushel. Sweet Potatoes—Jerseys, $2.25 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 13.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 23,000; sales ranged at $3.40@4.30 for pigs, $3.90@4.30 for light, $3.65@3.80 for rough packing, $3.75@4.25 for mixed, and $3.85@4.20 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 24,000; quotations ranged at $3.15@5.55 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.60@5.00 good to choice do., $4.40@4.80 fair to good, $3.85@4.30 common to medium do., $3.00@4.25 butchers' steers, $3.25@3.90 stockers, $3.50@4.50 feeders, $1.90@4.20 cows, $2.60@4.50 heifers, $2.25@4.00 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.75@3.90 Texas steers, $3.30@4.40 western rangers, and $3.50@6.00 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 16,000; quotations ranged at $2.90@3.50 Texans, $2.45@4.25 natives, and $3.65@5.80 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 13.

Dunning & Stevens, Live Stock Commission Merchants, East Buffalo, N. Y., quote as follows: Cattle—230 cars; market active and stronger for good medium steers and grades of butchers' stock; heavy steers dull and easier; prime heavy steers, $5.20@5.35; good shipping 1,250 to 1,350, $5.00@5.15; good 1,100 to 1,200, $4.50@4.80; light half fat to good 1,050 pound, $4.00@4.30; light to good heifers, $3.25@4.00; choice to extra, $4.25@4.50; common old to prime fat cows, $2.00@3.75; bulls, strong for good; light to choice, $2.65@3.65; exports, $3.75@4.00; stockers and feeders, steady for good; slow to 15c lower for common; stockers, good to choice, $3.60@4.00; feeders, $3.75@4.20; heifers, $3.20@3.40; fresh cows, springers firm; veals, $5.50@7.75. Hogs—Receipts, 82 cars; market slow and lower; good weight Yorkers, $4.40@4.50; light, $4.55; mediums, $4.35@4.40; heavy common to choice, $4.25@4.40; pigs, $4.25@4.40. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 60 cars; market dull and 10@15c lower for lambs; sheep scarce and firm; good to prime lambs, $5.40@5.80, bulk $5.45@5.60; culls to fair, $4.00@5.25; mixed sheep, culls to good, $2.25@4.25; whethers, $4.50@4.75; 15 cars of the above receipts were Canadas.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, Sept. 13.

Wheat—Lower; No. 2 red cash elevator, 96c bid; track, 98@$1.00; No. 2 hard cash, 90c track; September, 96¾c nominal; December, 96¾c; May, 96¼c bid. Corn—Easy; No. 2 cash, 28c bid; September, 28c nominal; December, 29¼c; May, 32c bid. Oats—Lower; No. 2 cash elevator, 19¼c bid; track, 20¾c; No. 2 white, 22@22¾c; May, 23¾c bid. Rye—Firmer; 49c track.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Sept. 13.

Wheat—Lower; No. 1 northern, 97c; No. 2 spring, 94c; December, 93¼c. Corn—Steady; No. 3, 26c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white, 21¾@22¾c. Rye—Lower; No. 1, 59c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 44c; sample, 23@44c.

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Detroit Grain.

Detroit, Sept. 13.

Wheat—Cash white, 93¾c; cash red, 94¼c; September, 94¾c; December, 85¾c. Corn—Cash, 21c.

NICK KUTZON'S NUGGET

Picked Up on Eldorado Creek in the Klondike.

VALUE OF $583 PLACED UPON IT.

Interesting Talk with Mrs. E. A. Henderson, the First Newspaper Correspondent to Reach Dawson City—Lucky Streaks of Some of the Miners—Alex McDonald Went Out Strapped and Is Now Worth More Than a Million Dollars.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 13.—Mrs. E. A. Henderson, the first newspaper correspondent to make the trip to Dawson City, arrived on the Cleveland from St. Michael's and is visiting friends in this city. She spent some months in the mining district and gives some interesting experiences in the far north.

"Talk about my report of the finding of the $583 nugget, the largest yet discovered in the Yukon country, which Nick Kutzon picked up on No. 36 El Dorado and is bringing to San Francisco on the Excelsion, has increased the excitement. When the Excelsior, with its reported, but exaggerated, cargo of nearly $1,000,000 of dust, reaches San Francisco, the fever will probably reach its height.

Excitement on the Outside.

"Yet the excitement is all on the outside. In the Klondike country even this huge nugget, which is as large as your hand, with almost a perfect hatchet head shape, did not greatly excite the miners. I am asked a score of times, 'Is the Klondike country as rich as reported?' I was prepared to say: 'It can scarcely be exaggerated,' but since then I have seen newspapers and I reply more cautiously. In several papers I saw the statement that somebody had seen five five-gallon coal oil cans of gold in one cabin, the work of two men for one winter. No one in that country ever heard of such a cabin. The truth is I lifted less than $13,000 of dust in a granite bowl with difficulty. Gold is heavy to bear in more senses than one. Dawson City is swarming with disreputable women. Early this spring there were over forty; there are dozens more by this time, for they go by every boat.

More Than a Millionaire.

"Alex McDonald, who went in not long ago strapped, is now more than a millionaire. Bill Cotwell bought a claim for $100 and sold sixty feet of it for $10,000. This was 17 El Dorado. On No. 9 El Dorado there is a streak above bedrock three or four inches thick. The owners are taking out very little because they can do nothing with the cumbrous gold just now. On the claim of Frank Densmore ninety pounds of gold was taken out in one day. That is equal to something like $25,000. The stories of lucky failures are extremely interesting. Fritz Klobe tried to sell his half-interest in a claim for $100. He could not get it. He has just sold the same half to John J. Henley for $10,000. There are dozens of just such fortunate strikes made blind-folded. This is the lucky side of Yukon mining."

GOLD VESSEL LOST.

The Eliza Anderson with 125 People on Board Goes Down.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 13.—Anxiety as to the outcome of the battle between the old steamer Eliza Anderson, with 125 souls on board, and the heavy gale of Aug. 24 in the vicinity of Kodiak has been greatly increased by a report brought down from Alaska on the steamer Starr to the effect that the Anderson was wrecked and all on board lost.

There is no doubt that there is cause for serious misgivings as to the safety of the boat and her passengers and crew. She was last seen by the tug Holyoke flying signals. What these signals were can only be surmised, as they could not be read. They might have meant that she was in distress or out of coal.

Steamer Portland Well Armed.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 13.—The treasure ship Portland got away for St. Michael's at noon Sunday with a big cargo, consisting principally of machinery for four steamers which are to be constructed by Moran Bros. at St. Michael's this winter. On the Portland's forward deck was a maxim rapid firing gun, capable of mowing down an army of privateers. It will fire 300 cartridges, weighing one pound, per minute. Secretary Hamilton of the North American Trading and Transportation company was aboard. Inside the captain's cabin are a dozen new rifles which will be used effectively, if need be, to protect the treasure which the Portland will bring down from the Yukon mines.

Skaguay a "Busted" Town.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 13.—The steamship George E. Starr, direct from Juneau, brings news that Skaguay is a busted town. All the small steamers running from the head of Lynn canal to Juneau are crowded with disappointed gold seekers. They are hastening to Juneau to work for their board over winter. Thousands of men on the White pass trail are trying to sell their outfits and stuff for whatever it may bring and return to the states.

Penitentiary Conspiracy.

Boise, Ida., Sept. 13.—An investigation of the penitentiary conspiracy has developed some astounding facts. It is understood the discovery has been made that a number of keys have in some mysterious manner fallen in the possession of the convicts, with which they can open their cell doors. It also developed that drugs, and other dangerous articles have been smuggled in to the prisoners. The officials are determined to get at the bottom of the matter and the result of their investigation is liable to implicate some who would never be suspected by the public.

Mysterious Suicide.

Montreal, Que., Sept. 13.—A well-dressed young man who arrived here on the Delaware and Hudson from New York, asked the porter of the hotel Cadillac to take a young lady, whom he pointed out, to a respectable and quiet hotel. At the Cadillac the young woman registered as Miss Warner, New York, afterward she was found dead in bed with a phial of carbolic acid on her dresser, half empty and the name of place where it was purchased erased. There are no means of identification. Her toilet articles and clothing were of the best make.

THIRTY REPORTED KILLED.

Port Arthur and Sabine Pass Visited by a Hurricane.

St. Louis, Sept. 13.—A special from Houston, Tex., says information has just reached there that a severe hurricane visited the towns of Port Arthur and Sabine Pass Sunday night and blew down all the buildings and killed thirty people. The wires are all prostrated and no particulars have yet been received.

The storm which led to the destruction of the towns blew up about 6 o'clock Sunday evening from the ocean and by midnight was so fierce as to produce a tidal wave all along the coast, completely wiping out both places. Eight persons are known to have been drowned and twenty wounded.

RIOT IN MARQUETTE.

Hoodlums Attack Members of the Houghton, Mich., Club.

Marquette, Mich., Sept. 13.—Because the Houghton Baseball club left the grounds on account of the umpire's decision on a foul there was a baseball riot here Sunday afternoon in which a number of Houghton's players and supporters were roughly handled, though none of them seriously hurt. The ball park was packed, quite as much with Houghton as with Marquette people, all the former having come down on the steamer Christopher Columbus, which brought a crowd of fully 2,000.

In the sixth inning, with the game 6 to 3 in his favor Captain Larsen pulled his team off the diamond. They got on a dray to go down town. No sooner were they out of the gate than a mob of hoodlum rooters who had been heaping vocal abuse on them while inside the park, set on them with stones, and even ran up and pulled some of the players off the dray.

Whenever one would be pulled off the dray he would be the center of a free fight, Marquette hoodlums attacking and the Houghton rooters rallying to the defense. Ball bats and rocks were freely used. The police were unable to handle the mob.

GUARD THE TRAIN'S TREASURE.

Express Messengers Shoot at Tramps Near Lima, O.

Lima, O., Sept. 13.—A pitched battle took place near Foraker, east of here, between the express messengers on the Wells-Fargo express train on the Chicago and Erie road and ten to twelve tramps, whose motive was robbery. The train makes no regular stops between Lima and Kenton, but when, near Foraker, the presence of the gang on the train was discovered the train was brought to a stop and the men ordered off.

They made a rush for one of the express cars before the train could get under headway. The messengers opened fire and held them at bay until the train got under headway. The tramps returned the fire, but so far as can be ascertained no one was wounded. The Wells-Fargo trains carry large sums of money between New York and Chicago, and to guard against just such attacks as occurred have each car equipped with rifles. Several armed detectives also accompany each train, and it is only the alertness and prompt action of the company's employes that saved the valuable cargo and human life.

ARRESTED FOR ARSON.

Michigan Man Charged with Setting Fire to His Store.

Menominee, Mich., Sept. 13.—Nels Larson was arrested Sunday morning by a detective on a farm nineteen miles from this city, and is now in jail awaiting trial on a charge of having set fire to his brick store building, which was partially destroyed in the early hours of Friday morning.

Up to a week or ten days ago Larson and his family occupied rooms in the rear upper part of the store. The fire originated in the basement, where a pile of excelsior saturated with kerosene was found, partly consumed. From this pile of inflammable material was a fuse made from a twisted lamp wicking, also to saturated with kerosene oil extending to the Larson apartments, between the inner and outer walls. A pail of oil was also found, into which one end of the fuse was placed in the upper room. The damage to the building was less than $500. Larson carried an insurance of $2,900 on the buildings and $450 on household goods. It is is said that he was seen riding toward the city on the county road leading to the place of arrest the night of the fire.

Seven Killed in a Wreck.

Van Buren, Ark., Sept. 13.—One of the most disastrous freight wrecks that ever occurred on the Arkansas Valley division of the Iron Mountain road happened at Hanson, I. T., twenty miles west of Van Buren. The trucks of a box car broke, wrecking fifteen cars. In the middle of the train was a car loaded with heavy machinery, and it was in this that thirteen men were stealing a ride, and from which seven dead and six seriously wounded were taken by trainmen. Of the wounded it is thought that two will die. The loss will be $100,000.

Forty Miners Killed.

Madras, Sept. 13.—A serious accident has occurred at the Champion Reefs mines. Forty persons are known to have been killed.

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. The only remedy for tired, weak, nervous women is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For troubles *Peculiar to Women* at change of season, climate or life, great cures are made by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

LORA MELIKOFF.

Cossacks and convicts alike were petrified at the lad's daring deed, and for a moment no one stirred.

Phil made a motion to follow his companion, but Platoff fiercely held him back. Then Captain Daroman staggered dizzily to his feet. He drew his sword and sprang with a savage cry at Maurice, who was standing calmly in front of the girl he had rescued.

The lad's fate appeared to be sealed, but just when the weapon was within a foot of his head the captain stopped short and cried in a voice hoarse with passion, "No, no, my fine fellow; that's too merciful for you." He sheathed his weapon and turned to the soldiers.

"Bind him to that tree yonder," he shouted, "and shoot him instantly."

The Cossacks sprang forward, and Maurice was speedily tied to a large tree that stood a few yards distant near the base of the hill.

The convicts huddled affrightedly together, and the girl, who seemed unable to comprehend the meaning of the scene, edged away from the spot, looking with unutterable terror at Captain Daroman.

The commandant gave several sharp, quick orders, and a dozen Cossacks advanced from the line. They dropped their rifle butts with a ringing clatter to the frozen ground and then raised them to their shoulders.

Maurice, pale and trembling, faced the glaring muzzles.

He knew that in another moment the leaden volley would pierce his breast, and yet he faced the prospect with a calmness that surprised himself. All his past life was surging through his mind, but still he saw distinctly every detail of the scene before him—the awe-struck convicts, the agitated faces of Phil and Platoff, the firing squad of Cossacks and the ferocious countenance of Captain Daroman.

"Why did they not fire?" he wondered vaguely, and then he began to utter a silent prayer.

"Take aim!" shouted the commandant, and the 12 black muzzles centered together. Maurice closed his eyes with a shudder. A low sob burst from Phil, and Platoff ground his teeth.

"Fire!" was already trembling on Captain Daroman's lips when a startling interruption occurred.

The young girl sprang across the rifles and threw herself in front of Maurice.

"I forbid you to shoot!" she exclaimed, facing the soldiers. "Release this man, or you shall all be punished! And you," she added to Captain Daroman, "you shall pay dearly for this insult."

The commandant swore a frightful oath. "Take her away!" he shouted to his men. "Drag her to one side and finish this dog here."

Half a dozen Cossacks advanced toward the courageous girl, but she held her ground and met them with flashing eyes. In another instant they would have seized her roughly, but just then a clatter of hoofs was heard, and a young Cossack officer, mounted on a black horse, galloped up to the party.

He surveyed the scene for a moment. Then, flinging the lines to a soldier, he leaped from the saddle and approached the girl, doffing his cap respectfully as he did so.

"Miss Lora," he said, "your father, the colonel, has sent me in search of you. He feared you had strayed off and lost your way."

A revolving bombshell could not have caused greater consternation than did the quiet speech of this young officer. The soldiers lowered their rifles instantly, and the convicts began to whisper excitedly among themselves, and Captain Daroman's face assumed an expression that none who saw it can ever forget.

"You have come just in time," replied the maiden. "I have suffered insult at the hands of that man," pointing to the trembling commandant, "and this convict here, who saved me from the wretch, was about to be shot for his noble deed."

The officer turned sternly and inquiringly toward Captain Daroman, who now came unsteadily forward. "Sudekin, who is that girl?" he asked in a husky voice. "I thought she belonged to the free command yonder."

"She is the daughter of Colonel Melikoff, the governor of the mines," replied the officer. "She went out for a walk this morning and wandered up here from the lower diggings. I was sent in search of her. It looks as though you were in a pretty bad scrape this time, Daroman."

The commandant grew still paler. "But tell me," he whispered, "can nothing be done to smooth matters over? Why, I didn't even know that Colonel Melikoff had a daughter."

"She just came on a visit from Irkutsk," replied Sudekin coldly. "Everything rests with her, Daroman. Don't talk to me."

The commandant hesitated a second or two, and then in a cringing manner that must have been bitter as gall to his proud spirit approached the girl.

"Miss Melikoff," he began humbly, but at the first word she indignantly moved to one side.

"Before you dare speak to me," she said angrily, "release that brave man there."

The commandant gave the necessary orders, and then, while the soldiers were unbinding Maurice, he made an abject apology, and in the most piteous tones begged that his offense might be overlooked and kept from reaching her father.

It was a strange scene, the savage Captain Daroman suing for mercy in the presence of his own soldiers and of the convicts who had felt so often his iron rule.

The girl listened calmly to his appeal, and when he had finished she walked proudly away like an offended princess, not deigning to give him so much as a glance.

"Take me home, Lieutenant Sudekin," she said. "I have heard quite enough."

The lieutenant pointed across the plain. "A sleigh was ordered to follow me," he replied. "I see it coming now." The conveyance quickly reached the spot, with a merry ringing of bells.

Miss Lora darted a grateful glance at Maurice and stepped in among the furs. The driver whipped up the horses, and the sleigh sped rapidly off, attended closely by Lieutenant Sudekin on his black charger.

Captain Daroman watched it until it was dim in the distance. Then, turning on Maurice one glance so venomous and malignant that the lad shuddered, he put spurs to his horse and galloped off without a word.

"Get in line there," cried the subofficer harshly. The convicts instantly obeyed, the Cossacks surrounded them with shouldered rifles, and the interrupted march was resumed as calmly and monotonously as though the event just witnessed had never occurred.

Maurice, assisted by his two companions, staggered forward with the utmost difficulty. He was suffering from a violent reaction. He had bravely attacked the commandant and faced the certainty of death without a tremor, but the sudden restoration to hope was too much for him.

The officer in command perceived his enfeebled condition, and feeling doubtful as to the bearing which the recent incident would have on the young convict he wisely concluded to be on the safe side and act with leniency.

He gave Maurice a few drops of vodka from his own flask and mounted him on a pony until the mines were reached. This treatment was speedily effective, and Maurice was able to work as usual with his fellow prisoners, for the officer refused to extend his leniency any further. He was kept rigorously apart from Phil and Platoff, however, and put to work some distance away.

The rest of the day was not destined to pass uneventfully. During the noon period of rest an ominous incident occurred, and one from which Maurice drew an inference favorable to himself. Twenty mounted Cossacks rode up to the mines, headed by a middle aged officer with dignified bearing, who sternly asked for Captain Daroman.

When told that the commandant had not accompanied the convicts to the mines, he appeared much concerned, and presently the whole party rode away at full speed.

Trudging home at sunset, three different squads of soldiers were encountered, and on reaching the settlement suppressed excitement was visible on the faces of all whom they met. Within the prison much whispering was going on among the convicts, and the new arrivals were speedily acquainted with a dozen different versions of what was indeed a startling tale.

The facts of the case, as gleaned from these different stories, which had entered the prison in some unaccountable manner, appeared to be as follows:

Captain Daroman, on leaving the convict gangs that morning, had returned in haste to the prison, changed his clothes in his own apartment, armed himself heavily and then galloped away on a fresh horse, in what direction none observed.

Shortly after his departure a troop of soldiers arrived from the lower diggings with a warrant for his arrest. It was no secret that the commandant had sought safety in flight, and now half the force in barracks was scouring the country in pursuit.

Maurice was jubilant as he sat on the bare platform, eating his frugal supper, with Phil and Platoff by his side. Their fellow convicts had been crowding about them, eagerly discussing the momentous affair, and now at last they were comparatively by themselves.

"And how do you think this will affect me, Platoff?" asked Maurice. "Will it lighten my sentence, or is it even possible that I shall obtain a fair hearing from the governor and be permitted to tell him our story? I feel sure that I should convince him of the truth."

Platoff gravely shook his head.

"Don't be too hopeful, my friend," he replied. "There are complications in this affair that you are unable to see. To me, with my knowledge and experience, they are only too plain. You have performed a brave deed, it is true, and protected from insult the daughter of Colonel Melikoff, but at the same time you have broken the severest of prison rules and committed a flagrant crime, for which the penalty is death."

"And would not the one offset the other?" demanded Maurice with indignation. "Would the circumstances count for nothing?"

"Colonel Melikoff is known as the most stern and rigid disciplinarian in all Siberia," answered Platoff soberly. "I fear that he may insist on making your case an example to the other prisoners. You assaulted an officer—an unpardonable crime."

"Yes, and saved his daughter," asserted Maurice hotly. "Can he overlook that?"

"He can overlook anything," said Platoff grimly. "Listen! I can tell you what kind of a man Colonel Melikoff is in a few words. Do you remember in one of Victor Hugo's romances the gunner who allowed a huge cannon to tear loose from its fastenings on shipboard during a storm, and then, after a terrific combat in which his life was jeopardized a hundred times, overturned the monster and saved his comrades?"

"Yes, I have read that," said Maurice.

"Very well," resumed Platoff. "The commander of that vessel set rewarded that man for his bravery, then shot him for his negligence. Colonel Melikoff is a second Marquis de Lantenac."

"But you don't think I'm in any danger of being shot?" asked Maurice in a horrified whisper.

"No," said Platoff; "it's not that bad. You may know all tomorrow, and then it is possible that I shall have something to say to you."

Platoff refused to explain himself any further, and presently, in spite of his troubles, Maurice was sleeping soundly.

The morning verification was presided over by Lieutenant Sudekin, who, it seemed, had been appointed temporary commandant of the prison. Before starting for the mines it was whispered among the convicts that Captain Daroman had not been caught, and this rumor was presently verified, for the working gangs started out that morning in custody of less than half the usual guard of Cossacks, and the cordon of troops around the prison was correspondingly small. It was soon evident that the new commandant had no intention of dealing more leniently with the convicts than his predecessor. All that day the boys toiled hard under the watchful eyes of the overseers, and not the slightest conversation was allowed.

Two or three days passed thus, and still Maurice heard nothing from Colonel Melikoff, nor was the fugitive commandant recaptured.

"He's sure to be caught sooner or later," said Platoff. "It's only a question of time."

On the fifth day, however, many of the absent troops returned, and it began to look as though Captain Daroman had made good his escape, for the time at least.

"They have forgotten me," said Maurice one night, as he sat on his hard bed, thinking of the pretty dark eyed girl who had passed like a vision across the wretched monotony of his life. "She believes me to be some low criminal, no doubt," he added bitterly to himself.

"No," said Platoff, glancing up from the cup of tea he was drinking. "Be assured Colonel Melikoff has not forgotten you. He never overlooks a crime against his rules and discipline of the prison, as you will know before long."

A week passed by—a week of heart sickening toil and misery—and then Platoff's prediction came true, though not just in the way he had anticipated.

CHAPTER XIV.

A STOLEN INTERVIEW.

It was bitterly cold, and the snow was falling thickly, but weather counts for nothing at the mines of Kara, and the convicts, shivering in their thin garments, worked with feverish energy, hoping to put some warmth into their aching limbs and bodies.

Phil and Platoff were driving their picks into the hard stratum of clay and gravel, and Maurice, in company with half a dozen others, was wheeling the stiffened clods to a distance. Close by stood the watchful overseers, stamping their feet continually and clapping their

It was beckoning him to approach.

arms together, while in the background, out of the snowy mist, loomed the soldiers, pacing to and fro in their heavy coats or grouped about the feeble fires, where the tea was warming for the noonday lunch.

With increasing regularity the long string of wheelbarrows continued to load and unload, and when midday came the weary toilers with the picks had uncovered a large surface of smooth and yellow sand.

The overseer came forward and looked at it with evident satisfaction. "That is good work," he said briefly. "Today you may have 30 minutes' rest."

Some of the convicts cheered and flung their caps into the air. Even this insignificant privilege was something to be thankful for. Picks and barrows were tossed aside, and sitting down on stones and clods of earth the hungry men began to devour greedily the black bread and tea that were served out to them.

The Cossacks stacked their arms, with the exception of two or three sentinels, and gathered about the fires, rubbing their hands and stamping their feet.

Ten or 15 yards from the spot where the convicts were grouped the brow of a rocky hill sloped to the river. It was barren and rugged, strewn with bowlders and a half a dozen stunted birches. A few feet below the crest a spring of icy water poured out, and after falling in numerous cascades down the slope emptied into the Kara river. At this spring the prisoners were often allowed to drink, for the waters of the Kara were slightly brackish and, moreover, were usually muddy and tainted from the mining operations.

Today but few of the men were thirsty. One or two climbed painfully up the slope, and filling their tin cups came back to their places. Maurice was sitting on an upturned wheelbarrow slowly eating his bread and looking wistfully at Phil and Platoff, who were some yards away near the bank of the river. He turned his eyes toward the spring. The snow was falling thickly over the rocky crest of the hill, and suddenly against the gloomy whiteness of the sky he saw an arm thrust from the rocks. Thinking it only a delusion, he rubbed his eyes and looked again. No; he was not mistaken. It was a human arm, and it was beckoning him to approach. He watched it closely for a moment or two. Twice it vanished and then appeared again, and still it continued to motion him forward. A sudden thrill of hope made his heart beat wildly, but with great self command he checked all show of emotion and assumed a careless attitude.

Presently he ventured to look about him. No one else apparently had seen the signal. The convicts were engrossed in their bread and tea, the overseers were sitting by the fire with their backs toward the hill, and the soldiers off duty for the time were chatting loudly among themselves.

Maurice hastily gulped down the remainder of his tea, and taking the tin cup in one hand and his hunk of bread in the other he rose slowly to his feet and commenced to ascend the hill with careless, hesitating steps. He trembled constantly with excitement, fearing each second to be called back, but no such summons came, and at last he gained the spring and sat down on a flat stone beside the outpouring water.

Close over his head was the nook among the rocks where he had seen that wavering arm. Not daring to look behind him, he glanced down into the hollow. Some of his fellow prisoners were looking at him in a careless manner, but neither the overseers nor the soldiers were paying any attention. He dipped his cup into the spring, and as he raised it to his lips a soft voice whispered with a strangely familiar accent: "You saw my signal. You have come. Be on your guard. Don't move. Don't speak a word."

The cup almost dropped from Maurice's trembling hand, but with a great effort he recovered himself and drank as though nothing had happened.

"I am Lora Melikoff," continued the speaker after a pause. "I have not forgotten your brave deed. I am going to do what I can for you in return. You speak my language, do you not?"

Maurice inclined his head without speaking.

"Your noble act has put you in great peril," resumed Lora; "more so than you think. My father is grateful, it is true, but he is stern—ah, you do not know how stern and severe—and he declares that you must be punished as an example to the other men. I have implored him in vain, and last night I listened when he was talking to some officers. They will either shoot you or send you to the province of Yakutsk. One is as bad as the other. I have not time to tell you of Yakutsk, but it is a terrible place. In a week an officer is expected from St. Petersburg on a tour of inspection, and then your fate will be decided. You must try to escape, though it is almost hopeless. Do you know anything of the country? Could you find the Pacific ocean, do you think? There are vessels at Vladivostok from every part of the world."

Maurice tremblingly held his bread to his lips as though he were eating and said in a low whisper: "I have two friends. One of them is a Russian, a man who knows the country. He has spoken of Vladivostok and knows the way down the valley of the Amur."

Then he added with sudden alarm: "There are guards down the other slope. They can see you surely."

"I do not fear them," said Lora calmly. "There is but one and him I have bribed to allow me to reach this spot. You say you have two friends. It will be more difficult for three to escape, I fear, and yet I may be wrong. Three can do more than one. But I have much to say, and little time in which to tell it. Listen closely now to every word and be careful that your actions do not betray you. I have placed a small package under the stone on which you are sitting. It contains tools which may help you to escape from the prison at night. You must conceal it in some way about your clothes. I have written on a scrap of paper your best plan for getting free of the prison. Heed it carefully and be sure to destroy the writing. It will be difficult and dangerous, and success is very doubtful, but if you once gain the outside of the prison stockade you can place yourself in security for a few days at least. After that you must do the best you can, and I shall pray constantly that you may reach Vladivostok and get safely away from Siberia. Now, here is what you must do when you are outside the prison: Go directly to the Kara river and follow its channel up to this very spot, so that it will be impossible to track your footsteps. Two miles along this ridge is a cave among the rocks. It lies in among seven pine trees and is difficult to find. No one but myself knows it, and I discovered it by accident two years ago, when my father first came here from Moscow. In this cave I have already hidden clothes and money. Today or tomorrow I shall find a way to convey food there, and tomorrow night you must attempt to escape. If you can reach the cave, you are safe for awhile. Remain there for a week or two, and then, when the pursuit has abated or is being conducted far from here, it will be time to start for the distant Pacific. If your friend is a clever man, he may guide you there in safety. You will find clothes for three in the cave. Now you had better go. Don't attempt to get the package at present. Wait until you start back to the prison at night."

"But you"—cried Maurice, quite forgetting himself—"you have placed yourself in peril for my sake. How can I ever thank you? How can I ever hope to repay such a debt of gratitude?"

"Hush," said Lora; "not so loud. You will betray yourself." Her voice had a touch of haughtiness, of offended pride, that showed Maurice instantly the gulf between himself, a degraded convict, wearing the prison stripes, and this aristocratic young Russian, the daughter of famous Colonel Melikoff.

"Forgive me," he said humbly. "I forgot—I was so grateful—that was all. I did not think"—

"It is a debt," she interrupted coldly; "a sacred obligation on me, an obligation that is doubly binding since my father refuses to acknowledge it. But do not think that I regard you as those men yonder, those thieves, assassins, robbers. I have heard something of your history. You are Englishmen, you and your friend. You are very young, and I prefer to believe that you have fallen into bad company and sinned through ignorance. Don't think that I sympathize with your views, for those who plot against our czar are wicked men. If through any aid of mine you can reach your own country again, please try to think better of Russia."

"I shall never forget you," said Maurice, "but your opinion of me is wrong, I assure you. I am neither a revolutionist nor a nihilist, and I have never plotted against Russia. I am an American, Miss Melikoff, and my story, could you but hear it, would give you some different ideas of your own land. My mother was"—

"Hush!" said Lora suddenly. "The guards are coming. I must slip away at once. I will never see you again, but I shall pray for your escape. Goodby."

"Goodby," exclaimed Maurice fervently, and as he rose to his feet the harsh voice of the overseer summoned the men to work, and he went slowly and sadly down the slope.

Through the long hours of that afternoon he worked as though in a dream, and more than one sharp reprimand was hurled at him by the angry overseer. Little did he care for that. A wild hope of freedom was seething through his brain, a vision of faroff America and friends he had never expected to see again, yet there was bitterness mingled with his joy.

This Russian girl believed him guilty of the crimes with which he was charged. She believed that he had plotted against her native land, against the czar, whom she honored and revered.

Carried away by his feelings, Maurice even began to find some excuse for the tyrannical and despotic means that had placed him in his terrible situation. If only he could have a chance to tell her his story, he thought, she would be convinced and believe him. And now he would never see her again, never have a chance to explain, and she would always be ignorant of the truth.

The agitated expression of his face was noticed by his companions. They regarded him curiously, wondering evi-

He drew the flat, heavy parcel from under a stone.

dently what bit of joy could be mingled with his wretched existence. But the watchful eye of the overseer, trained on the work that was being done, failed to note these signs.

When the coppery sun went down, the labor ceased.

Now came the most difficult part of all, but Maurice was equal to the task. Before the convicts formed in line for the homeward march he carelessly climbed the hill with his cup, and stooping, under pretense of getting a drink, he dexterously drew the flat, heavy parcel from under a stone and hid it in the folds of his shirt beneath the heavy overcoat. There it rested snugly all through the long tramp back to the prison, and when the evening verification was over and the convicts were eating their supper on the platforms his heart was beating fast at the thought of what lay next to it—the precious means that might be destined to lead to safety and freedom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEM SCULPTURE.

Something About the Making of Cameos and Intaglios.

Gem sculpture, or lithoglyptics, is an art of great antiquity, having been practiced by the Babylonians, the Egyptians, the Hebrews and the Greeks. Afterward it sank into decadence, but in the fifteenth century was revived in Italy. It is an art that calls for great elegance of taste and much skill, for on a small stone, generally precious, designs are represented either in raised work, as cameos, or by being cut below the surface, as intaglios.

To cameos the term "minute sculpture" is indeed applicable, for since the days of Greek art celebrated statues have been copied in this way. The first intaglios were the scarabs, or beetle shaped signets, worn in rings by the Egyptians from a very remote period. One side of the stone was shaped like a beetle, the other side was flat, and the name of the king or wearer was cut into it. A hole was then drilled in the stone from end to end, and through it a strong wire was passed to hold it in position in a ring. The flat or seal side was always worn next to the finger, but when used as a seal it was turned.

In the art of gem sculpture the Greeks excelled all predecessors. The Etruscans, contemporary with the Greeks, also attained excellence in gem cutting, and it is said that "on these early gems of Etruscan or Greek origin may be read as in a book the forms of their religion and the subjects of popular interest in politics, song and fable for centuries."

Under Augustus gem sculpture flourished among the Romans, many of them possessing cameos and intaglios of great value, and cabinets of costly gems became numerous. It is said that Cæsar sent six cabinets of rare gems to the temple of Venus.

There are many fine cameos and intaglios in the British museum. Among the finest of them accessible to the public are the "Cupid and Goose" intaglio, the "Dying Amazon," the "Laughing Fawn," "Bacchus" on red jasper, and the "Julius Cæsar" of Dioscurides. In modern times gem sculpture has reached a high state of perfection and beauty. —Philadelphia Times.

TO MOTHERS OF LARGE FAMILIES.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Free.

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., extends her invitation of free advice. Oh, women! do not let your lives be sacrificed when a word from Mrs. Pinkham, at the first approach of weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy.

MRS. A. C. BUHLER, 1123 North Albany avenue, near Humboldt Park, Chicago, Ill., says: "I am fifty-one years old and have had twelve children, and my youngest is eight years old. I have been suffering for some time with a terrible weakness; that bearing-down feeling was dreadful, and I could not walk any distance. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash and they have cured me. I cannot praise your medicine enough."

English Divorce Laws.

The children of the marriage are the husband's if he chooses to have them, but if he does not care to perform a father's duty the wife must support them. If he is unfaithful to her, she cannot divorce him (in England) unless he has also committed the ungentlemanly sin of personal cruelty, and in all cases of divorce and separation it is a man's reading of the man made laws that entirely decides not only the case, but the consequences, as to the custody of the children and the amount of alimony. And if, despairing of justice, the faithful wife endures patiently through life for the sake of her children's future, the English law permits an unfaithful husband and father at death to will away every penny of his property from his wife and children to a charity, a stranger or a mistress, possibly leaving those whom the law made his dependents dependent on the ratepayers of his parish. This is not possible in Scotland, nor was it formerly possible in England. The law of dower protected the widow until this century, when men tinkered the laws so as to gain a larger latitude for themselves. The operation of this masculine privilege often gives opportunity for cruel oppression not dreamed of by right minded men. In fact, it is only because the large majority of men are better than the laws allow them to be that society is possible.—Humanitarian.

Constitution and Guns.

The Constitution's guns were double shotted with round and grape. The broadside was as one single explosion, and the destruction was terrific. The enemy's decks were flooded, and the blood ran out of the scuppers—her cockpit filled with the wounded. For a few minutes, shrouded in smoke, they fought at the distance of half pistol shot. In that short time the Englishman was literally torn to pieces in hull, spars, sails and rigging. As her mizzenmast gave way the Englishman brought up to the wind, and the Constitution slowly forged ahead, fired again, luffed short round the other's bows and, owing to a heavy sea, fell foul of her antagonist, with her bowsprit across her larboard quarter. While in this position Hull's cabin was set on fire by the enemy's forward battery, and part of the crew were called away from the guns to extinguish the threatening blaze. — Barnes' "Naval Actions of the War of 1812."

A Good Story of Sheridan.

Sheridan once had occasion to call at a hairdresser's to order a wig. On being measured, the barber, who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshment in an inner room. Here he regaled him with a bottle of port and showed so much hospitality that Sheridan's heart was touched.

When they rose from the table and were about separating, the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said, "On reflecting, I don't intend that you shall make my wig."

Astonished and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed: "Good heavens, Mr. Sheridan! How can I have displeased you?"

"Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow, and, I repeat it, you shan't make my wig, for I never intended to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft." —Liverpool Mercury.

Spoiled Pleasure.

Mrs. Meyer—What's the trouble, Mrs. Schulz? You are in bad humor this morning.

Mrs. Schulz—You see, my husband staid at the club every night last week until after midnight. Last night I sat up, determined to give him a curtain lecture, when he got in late. And what do you think? The fool came home at 9 o'clock.—Fliegende Blatter.

Apoplexy has increased in England in a very remarkable degree since 1850. In the 16 years ending with 1866 there were 457 deaths from apoplexy per 1,000,000 inhabitants. Last year the ratio was 577 per 1,000,000.

The eruption of Etna has entirely destroyed the chestnut woods on the mountain slopes, the trees being devastated by the lava.

But for the English and Scotch half the villas at the French watering places would remain unlet till they fell to pieces, half the shops would be shut and half the hotels would be bankrupt.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Andrew Mack in "An Irish Gentleman."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Jack and the Beanstalk."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Otis Skinner.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Fort Frayne."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE,
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—Webber and Fields.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE LATIMER BUTCHERY, AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

We are glad to observe that most of the influential American dailies have denounced the bloody action of Sheriff Martin, of Luzerne County, Pa., who ordered his deputies to fire, without sufficient cause as it appears to us, on a body of striking coal miners at Latimer last week, with the result that twenty-one unfortunate men were killed outright, or died of their injuries soon after the volleys were fired, and forty-five were more or less severely wounded. Some of the correspondents say that many of the victims were shot in the back, which would indicate that the people were in retreat when some of the deputies fired upon them. If this be true, and we fear it is, and that the lives of Sheriff Martin, and his subordinates, were not endangered, the case is a most serious one, and likely to lead to trouble if justice is not speedily meted out to the shedders of innocent blood. Of course, until all the evidence is in, and the facts sifted to the bottom, it would be rash and unjust to condemn the law officers; but that there is a tendency on the part of many of the latter to consider men who strike for higher wages criminals, anyhow, has been too frequently exemplified in this country of late years. Pittsburg, Homestead and Latimer are ghastly landmarks in the history of the labor agitations of the United States. In every instance, bloodshed might have been easily averted had the alleged upholders of law and order kept their wits about them. We have had serious labor riots in Chicago on several occasions, but, fortunately, in each case, cool and brave men represented the majesty of law, and, thus, bloodshed, of appalling proportions, was narrowly averted.

It seems to us that, while the demand of the miners for higher wages is just and reasonable, their general method of procedure is open to adverse criticism. While they are justified in keeping up agitation against DeArmitt's methods, and those of his kind, we see no good reason why they should visit the sins of the illiberal and unjust mine-owners on the liberal and just, who are their friends. The Irish boycott system was much better, and more effective, because it used a wise discrimination and did not punish good landlords as well as bad. Where a mine-owner concedes the demands of the miners, we think the men ought to return to work, and not disturb the whole country because a few hoggish, irrational owners and operators hold out against the demands of humanity and justice. This view may not suit either the hog bosses or the professional agitators, but we conceive it to be the just and commonsense view, and, as the uncompromising friend of honest labor, THE CHICAGO CITIZEN puts it before its readers.

There were certain remarks made, and resolutions adopted, at a meeting of the Social Democrats here last Sunday, which call for unqualified condemnation by every right-minded citizen. We regret exceedingly to observe Irish names among those of the speakers who advocated, or hinted at, the use of "guns" and "matches" and "torches." The American people possess the priceless treasure of the ballot. Under the Australian system, their franchise is reasonably protected—at least it is the fairest method that human ingenuity has yet devised. The laborer's vote counts for just as much as that of the millionaire, and, if he votes intelligently, he can have all his rights of citizenship, social and political, secured by honest legislation. But, unfortunately, the laborer too seldom thinks for himself. He has little or no time to read or study up public questions, and he is frequently misled by more learned men whose intentions may be honest, but whose advice and actions only lead to ruin. Whenever a distinctive labor ticket has been put up in this city—to go no further—how has it been sustained? The leaders of the two old parties managed, generally, to get hold of the leaders—some of them at all events—of the labor party, and, at the polls, the cause of labor met with disastrous defeat. If men cannot win their rights in this country by the ballot, protected as it now is, they certainly cannot by "the bullet," still less by "the torch," the use of which would array all civilization against them, as it did against the Parisian Commune.

We are inclined to think that some of the fiery orators of last Sunday's Socialistic-Democrat meeting spoke without due thought, and under a feeling of profound irritation; but they should remember that unlettered and excitable men may take their words literally and proceed to act upon them. Greedy capital should be regulated and controlled by American law, and so also should the methods of American labor in search of reform, if there is threat of, or resort to, violence. War against law and order will not be tolerated, and those who attempt to make it will suffer bitterly in the end. The insolent capitalist who will not admit that the laborer is worthy of his hire, is quite as much an enemy of American law and order as the enraged labor agitator who talks about guns and torches. Colonel William P. Rend, of this city, well described such mine-owners when, in a recent speech advocating arbitration—the only rational way out of the present difficulty—he called them "Anarchistic capitalists."

"SAXON HOGWASH" IN REGARD TO THE YORKS' IRISH VISIT.

United Ireland, we are glad to observe, is one of the Irish "National" papers that do not go into mild—not wild—rhapsodies over the visit of the Yorks. In fact it has the audacity to even sneer at the fawning gushingness of the English over the alleged "loyalty" of Ireland and the Irish to the "royal" house that is the heir-at-law of all their persecutors, together with being a persecutor itself. We are indeed gratified to find United Ireland, in its issue of the 26th ult., expressing itself, under the heading of "Saxon Hogwash" vigorously thus:

"Could anything be more unedifying, more frivolous, or more nauseous than to see the representatives of the most famous papers in Christendom seriously penning such hogwash as this for consumption by solid, serious and phlegmatic Saxons? These knight errants of journalism have evidently lost their heads in this country. We must presume they are persons of some intellectual pretensions, and must have respect for their dignity as men, as pressmen. Caterwauling in this style would convict them of being the most vulgar noodles in existence, as well as the most unprepossessing toadies and parasites. They come to the country with notions of our inferiority, some of them, we dare say, so ignorant of the people as to fancy we were only half civilized, and prone on the slightest provocation to display our animal proclivities. Then they find that we let the Duke and Duchess of York go through the city unmolested, and we become immediately endowed with preternatural charms. If it happened that there was not so much bunting in Grafton street, where the Unionist nouveaux richesse hang out, how different would be the colors in which we would be painted. The Standard's representative declares in his communication that 'Every day that passes serves to further emphasize the cordiality of the people toward their royal highnesses. This manifestation is in no way confined to the upper classes. It is liberally shared by the masses, and no one could apportion to any one grade of the community the palm for enthusiasm;' while the Pall Mall Gazette correspondent observes:

"'The duke and duchess, I have reason to believe, have been agreeably surprised at the warmth and spontaneity of the Irish welcome, and the duke, like the frank and generous-minded prince that he is, has lost no opportunity of expressing the pleasure he has derived from the greeting of the Dublin people. The duchess in her own way has also responded to the cordial greetings of the people by driving about almost alone, visiting public institutions and examining for herself the workings of the social machine. She has quite won the hearts of the people of all classes by her evident desire to understand them and to learn all about them. These things have been duly noted and have not failed in their effect on the public estimation of the royal couple, which has been appreciated day by day.'"

In another column United Ireland quotes the London Daily Mail as follows:

"A very little attention and kindliness goes a long way with the most generous and hospitable people in the world. Meantime the weather was behaving splendidly, that is, for the Emerald Isle. Great and lasting bursts of sunshine were followed by a 'little spillin' of rain now and thin,' but the delightful good humor of everybody made one forget these damping influences. Nobody in Ireland minds the weather. The pretty girls, undaunted, put on their best frocks and hats, and often forget to raise an umbrella, because they know the sun is only playing hide-and-seek with them. It is when it comes on to 'teem' that the protectors go up; but then everybody travels under an umbrella, and the rain does not take the sunshine from the hearts of the proudest and gentlest people in the world.

"The brogue—the educated brogue—of the Irish man or woman is the most delightful of accents. The quaint naïvete of it strikes one all the more when the owners are richly dressed and moving in the cream of society. For instance, one motherly lady on being introduced to the Duchess of York inquired in the most affectionate and yet dignified way, 'And now, how's your little baby?' 'Prince Edward was quite well when I left him,' replied her royal highness. What a delicious touch of friendly maternal interest that was! It was not princess and gentlewoman at that moment; it was mother to mother."

"Surely we ought to be a happy people," says United Ireland, commenting on the foregoing. "Here are our libellers and slanderers, the people who have never tired of blackguarding us before Europe, suddenly become alive to the excellent qualifications we possess. We are no longer the scullions of the earth, who fatten on the savings of American servant girls. We are no longer Hottentots and cattle-houghers. We are now a kindly race, full of sympathy, good nature, and what not. It is indeed a striking change, and more still is it to reflect that the change is owing to the fact that Nationalists have not interfered with the welcome to the Duke of York of Irish Unionists, for a Unionist welcome it is. The Nationalists mixed up in it are merely of the tribe that expect orders. Their show of loyalty is the outcome of two feelings—their desire to make by it, and their disregard for Irish public opinion."

JUDGE MORRISON ON COL. ROBERTS' DEATH.

The recent death of Col. William R. Roberts, who was, just a generation ago, one of the most respected leaders of the Irish race in this country, has stirred many a memory of the past in the hearts of those who loved, admired and trusted him. No man ever entered into the fight for Ireland with purer, or more disinterested, motives than William Randall Roberts, and, if he was not entirely free from the weaknesses of human nature, that fact only increases the fellow-feeling with which a large number of his fellow-countrymen, who know what sacrifices he made for Ireland, regard him. We have great pleasure, therefore, in printing the following beautiful and touching letter—not written for publication, but too true to nature to be suppressed—from the Hon. Alexander L. Morrison, of Santa Fe, N. M., now collector of internal revenue for that territory, which we know will be perused with great interest by all our readers:

"SEMPER ET UBIQUE FIDELIS."

"My Dear Friend—Our gallant old comrades are fast disappearing from this strangely troubled earth, but among all the sons of the scattered Clan-na-Gael, they leave no grander souls behind them. A few weeks ago J. W. Fitzgerald, than whom a braver Geraldine never trod the earth since the heroic days when

'Silken Thomas flung
King Henry's sword on council board,
the English Thanes among,'

answered the last roll call and appeared before the throne of God. And now the sad news comes to us that our superb leader W. R. Roberts, after long years of suffering, has also laid down his weary head in death. I remember as if it were yesterday the first time I saw him. It was at the great Philadelphia convention, where the elite of the Irish race assembled to consult together about the hopes and prospects of our native land. A third of a century has passed away since then, but the entire scene is before me today, the flags of America and Ireland, the Irish tricolor, the names of our martyred dead decorating the great hall, and on every side the manly forms, the eager faces and flashing eyes of 'the faithful and the true,' made such a combination as we seldom are privileged to see. Some business had been transacted, and then after a short pause, one of the most dignified gentlemen I ever saw stepped to the front of the stage, a buzz of whispering pressed from lip to lip and then amid a whirlwind of applause mingled with shouts of "Roberts," the future leader was hailed by his comrades. After that eventful day it was my privilege to meet him often in public and private, and in all my long and varied experience I never knew a more brave, upright, devoted patriot; his whole soul was wrapped up in our cause; his entire time, day and evening, was given, and freely given, to the work of organizing and preparing for the duty which lay before us. He freely sacrificed his own means without a murmur, and if for the time we failed to accomplish the freedom of Ireland the fault was not his. But when the day comes, and it will come, that Ireland will take her place among the free Republics of the earth, his name will be enrolled among the faithful and true who were ever and always faithful! May God give eternal rest to his and the souls of all who have served and died for Ireland.

"'Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made.
But we will pray, that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you men,
To act as brave a part.'"

A. L. MORRISON.
SANTA FE., N. M., Sept. 10.

"ROYAL" VISITS AND IRISH TRADE.

The Duke and Duchess of York, in their tour through Ireland, have revived the time-dishonored farce of pretending to "revive Irish industries" by purchasing some articles of native manufacture—including a Galway cloak—and saying something vague about their desire to benefit the country. The Tory and Unionist Irish papers in general have gone wild over their alleged "graciousness," and we are pained to observe that the so-called "National" press of Dublin, almost without exception, has been weak enough to publish editorials complimentary to the Hanoverian visitors. One or two daily "National" papers have published whole pages regarding the "royal functions" at the Castle and elsewhere, and the names of thousands of male, and female, flunkeys—Irish flunkeys, too—are included in the reports. This, of course, may "sell the papers," but at what a sacrifice of self-respect! The iron of slavery must have rusted deeply into the shriveled souls of the Irish "middle classes"—the aristocracy are only doing what is natural to people who think themselves the salt of the earth anyhow—when they stoop to kiss the hems of the garments of the Yorks, in the vain hope of "conciliating" the future King and Queen of England. It was thus the traitor provincial kings of Ireland reasoned when they bowed before John Lackland, the unspeakable son of Henry II.

Slaves in plenty were found to swarm around, and swear allegiance to, Richard II., even while the brave and able Art MacMurrough was up in arms against him. Sycophants crowded the levees of Richard Plantagenet, another Duke of York, when he ruled over Ireland in the name of Henry VI., whom he afterward betrayed and deposed. When James II. came to Dublin from France, in 1869, he was received with the wildest transports of joy by all classes, except those in the English interest, and this was the solitary instance of a really national welcome by the masses of Ireland to an English king. But even some of those who thronged around James then, rallied around William of Orange when he victoriously crossed the Boyne one year later. His gratitude was the suppression of the woolen trade, the very moment his English subjects called upon him to destroy it. George IV.—an unprincipled sot and libertine—was the last male English monarch that visited Ireland. He promised all kinds of reforms and professed great interest in the revival of Irish trade. Lord Fingal and Daniel O'Connell—the leaders of the Catholics of Ireland—went far out of their way to "conciliate" this moral monster, who, notwithstanding his promises, cried like an old woman when he was compelled to sign the Catholic Emancipation bill. His visit occurred in 1821, and Lord Byron—always the friend of Ireland and of liberty, although an Englishman—wrote his famous "Avator" in denunciation of Irish servility—

Shout, drink, feast and flatter, O Erin!
how low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and
misery till
This worship of tyrants hath sunk thee
below
The depths of thy deep, in a deeper
gulf still!

When Victoria came, after the deadly famine of '47, even Irishmen who called themselves patriots, were not ashamed to bow down before herself and her bigot husband, "for the good of Irish trade." Her last visit, in 1861 we think, when the Fenian spirit—that is the spirit of sturdy manhood—was prevalent in Ireland, was marked by great coldness among the masses of the people and even the chronic flunkeys of Dublin could get up but small show of enthusiasm on her arrival. She, too, professed a desire to "revive Irish industries," and these have been declining rapidly, ever since her visit.

Now, the plain truth is, no amount of "royal," or semi-royal patronage—even were it seriously intended by the Yorks to be benevolently patronizing—can revive Irish trade, which English policy, of which the royalties are representative, has been deliberately destroying—except during the brief interval from 1780 to 1800, when the English parliament had no jurisdiction over Irish commerce—since the reign of William III. All this talk about reviving Irish industries through the instrumentality, however well intended, of really benevolent ladies, like the Countess of Aberdeen and Mrs. Ernest Hart, makes the people best acquainted with Irish history and Irish needs laugh derisively. They may do good in limited districts, in the remotest portions of the island, but they cannot revive trade where capital, enterprise and public spirit have been crushed by an ingenious system of governmental suppression. What these true and noble women cannot accomplish, out of the goodness of their hearts, the Yorks cannot accomplish through the transparent devices of English policy. Ireland is a fly in the spider's web of the British empire. She is not wholly dead—she still struggles—but, unless that spider's web—the British political connection—is broken, and broken speedily, she must inevitably perish in the toils of the gigantic and greedy British spider. Every "royal visit" adds newer, and stronger, threads to that fatal spider's web.

THE AWFUL FAMINE SPECTRE IN IRELAND.

THE CITIZEN confesses itself shocked at the very bad news from Ireland, amply confirmed by press and other reports from all over the island. To add to the distress of the situation, the spendthrift landlords, who mostly reside "abroad," are, through their agents and other satraps, pressing the unfortunate tenants for rents which, their crops being almost totally destroyed, they are absolutely unable to pay. Ireland has now about half as many people as lived upon her soil in the great famine year, 1847, and her resources have diminished almost in proportion. Her finest agricultural lands have been converted into sheep walks or cattle ranges. There is enough meat and grain raised in the island each year to feed the people and still leave a reserve, even if the potato crop is a total failure, but, by the accursed Anglo-Irish land system, the rent has, first of all, to be paid to the landlords, most of whose forefathers became proprietors through plundering the ancestors of their tenants. The rent must be paid, if it took the last cow, sheep, goat or hog, or the last bushel of grain, to pay it; and the tenant and his family must submit to the humiliation of the county poor house or else actual starvation. This is a shocking state of things in a civilized country, so called, and it is notable, and should be well remembered, that wholesale famines of the kind exist only where British rule prevails.

England, according to her own commissioners, duly appointed by parliament, and English as a majority, filches over $12,000,000 a year from Ireland through unjust taxation. She has been doing it for nearly a hundred years—ever since the "Union." What an enormous sum of money the total makes! Now we will see how much England will appropriate from her treasury to feed the unfortunate Irish people, to whom she is in debt, on that item alone, $1,200,000,000! But the English, as we said last week, will again pass around the hat for "those poor h'Irish, who are h'always in trouble," but will make no reference to the system of British taxation plunder which, among other beautiful British blessings, always keeps Ireland poor. And what a spectacle England, the professional benevolist of the earth, presents to the astounded nations as the great breeder of desolating famines! With millions dead and dying of hunger in India and millions threatened with the same fate in Ireland, we fail to see a single justification for British rule in either country.

But let us present the readers of THE CITIZEN with some portion of the summary of distress and ruin in Ireland, as given in the American daily press, notably the New York World:

"LONDON, Sept. 7.—A panic is fast proclaiming itself throughout Ireland over the terrible prospect opened up by the apparently complete failure of the harvest. I have before me reports from 110 parish priests from counties of Clare, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, Antrim, Armagh, Cavan, Donegal, Down, Fermanagh, Monaghan and Tyrone, all telling the same piteous story of ruined crops, impending destitution and famine. Blight has everywhere wholly or mainly destroyed potatoes, while oats, which is the next most essential crop to the Irish farmer, have been battered down by incessant rains and practically destroyed.

"From Connemara, comes the following: 'The late long run of harsh weather leaves scarce a vestige of hope to the poor Connemara cottiers. The three principal crops raised in this locality—hay, oats and potatoes—are virtually ruined, the latter to an alarming extent. It is a common observation around Clifden that it is a full day's work for a man to dig one meal of potatoes for his family, and even then they can scarcely be eaten.'

"From Mallow, County Cork, situated in the rich streak of land known as the 'Golden Vein,' the report is: 'The oat crop, which is the main dependence of a vast majority of the farmers, is entirely unfit for marketing purposes. Acres are still seen spread out in sheaf and cannot be bound or stooked. The crop is now reduced to a condition that fits it only for the manure heap. The potato crop is counted almost a dead failure.'

"A dispatch from Westmeath says: 'Incessant rains for the past month have completely destroyed crops of every description. What were a month ago smiling, cheerful looking fields are today blighted and ruined. The potato crop is bad even to rottenness. Oats and kindred crops are in such a wretched way that no yield can be expected from them.'

"From Maryborough, Queen's county, a correspondent telegraphs: 'In this county there is general unanimity of opinion that since the famine year of '47 the prospect for the agricultural community was never as bad as today. This description does not refer to any particular locality, but to every district in the county. The crop that has suffered most is the potato, of which there will be practically none. It is generally believed that before the new year dawns there will be no potatoes fit to eat in the county. Next to potatoes oats are in a very bad condition.'

"A correspondent at Ballygawley, Tyrone says: 'The ground where potatoes have been planted in drills resembles a bit of barren waste that has been lying over for some time with the intention of being ploughed in the autumn. Flax is almost an unknown quantity. During the week enormous floods have been sweeping the country. Tons of hay, to add further to the misery, have been carried away by inundations.'

"A Castlebar, Mayo, telegram says: 'Torrents of rain prevailed here during the past three days almost continuously, and the country is in a most deplorable condition. Lands are flooded, potatoes and oats destroyed, hay rotting. No efforts can be made to save several crops from destruction owing to the deluge of rain, day after day. The farmers are ruined. Blight is making rapid inroads on the potato crop in consequence of the incessant heavy rain. Reports from all quarters confirm the belief that a famine will result this winter.'

"A Waterford correspondent says: 'It is no exaggeration to say that prospects for harvest were hardly ever darker or sadder than at present in several parts of the country. Corn now a month cut is still unstacked, on account of rain. Very little new grain has been marketed yet, and buyers expect difficulty in getting oats fit for feeding purposes. From all parts come bad accounts of the potato crop. The prices of cattle have fallen.'

"A Belturbet, Cavan, correspondent declares: 'In this district the prospect is gloomy in the extreme. The hay and oat crops are rotting on the ground. The potato crop has not been such a failure since '47. The same state of things exists all over the country.'

"From County Limerick one hears: 'As the season draws to a close no ray of hope is observed that would dispel the gloomy anticipations indulged in some time ago in regard to the ultimate failure of crops in general. From all sides the most alarming intelligence comes concerning the potato crop. The yield in most places, when compared with last year, will not arrive at one-fourth. The hay crop is in very bad condition, verging in most cases to irreparable loss from the continuous downpour of rain. The outlook for every article of agriculture is of the worst description.'

"A Roscommon correspondent telegraphs: 'The coming winter promises to be one of famine. Everything is gone.'

"Complaint is heard from the most distressed districts of the country that landlords are pressing for their rents, to secure whatever little money the tenants may have in savings banks, knowing that nothing will be left before the winter is half through.

"The weather shows no sign of improving. Rain continues and the temperature has fallen to an exceptionally low point for this time of year. The outlook for Ireland is one of despairing blackness."

Surely this tale of threatened destruction of our kindred in Ireland is sufficient to move the most callous heart. There is no use in living in a fool's paradise. Ireland is threatened with ruin, sudden and complete, and we all know already how little the miserable English government is to be relied upon for relief measures in such an emergency. Well, indeed, may all of us join in praying, "God Save Ireland!"

LUETGERT'S case may be said, with truth, to be "in the soup."

WHERE is the prosperity that the great dailies said was "in our midst" recently? The hot weather must have made it hunt its hole again.

WOULD it not be well, in view of recent experimental developments, to have a soup kitchen, presided over by a good French chef, permanently attached to the states attorney's office? The product of his skill, duly seasoned by Dinneen and Pearson, should be called "Soup a la Luetgert."

HOW many more corpses will it be necessary for Dinneen and Schaack to fricasee, a la mode, before Luetgert is convicted?

WE have been studying the mugs of the different "royalties" that surround Buffalo Bill's picture in the show cards, and have come to the conclusion that, if comeliness counts for anything, Bison William ought to be King Bee of the whole lot. With few exceptions, the "royalties" of Europe, men and women, are "an ugly lot of craythures."

THE visit of the Yorks to Ireland blighted the potatoes. How could it be otherwise when the duke was traveling around with a "rib" out of place?

THE blood of the people who may die of starvation at Klondike, or on the way to, or back from, that place, will be on the heads of certain "great editors," who set the American people wild with Monte Cristoan tales of fabulous wealth in that region. The least they can do now is to open a fund for the relief of the families of their unfortunate victims, and subscribe liberally to it themselves.

MR. J. GUBBINS' bay colt, Galtee More, winner of the Derby, won the St. Leger stakes at the second day's racing of the Doncaster September meeting, on Sept. 8. Galtee More is probably the most celebrated racehorse ever trained. He is such a remarkable animal that fabulous sums have been offered for him. He is the first Irish bred horse that has won the English blue ribbon and the St. Leger, and Mr. Gubbins, his owner, is so proud of the honor that it is doubtful whether money could purchase the horse.—Ex.

THE PIKEMEN.

A Ballad of '98.

The troops are out in Bargy and the
yeomen in Idrone,
The pitch-caps and the gory lash make
guiltless victims groan;
Red murder stalks the villages, and
high the rooftrees flame.
Arise, ye men of Wexford now, or live
in lasting shame!
Ye pikemen, bold pikemen,
Old Wexford calls her pikemen.
See, at her call, they muster all,
For vengeance now, grim pike-
men!

The plough they leave by Slaney's
banks, the scythe in soft Imayle,
And out through famous Scollagh Gap
they surge like autumn gale.
Bold hearts are there from Ballagh-
keen, and wooded Shilmaliere
Sends many a stalwart rifleman to fill
the foe with fear.
The pikemen, the pikemen,
The stormy-cheering pikemen,
Broad Barrow's flood shall flow
with blood,
Rush in, ye rebel pikemen!

Above on sunny Camarus the fraioch-
blossoms blow,
Grim massacre and pillage fright the
fertile vales below,
Rough Carrigrew is basking in the
scented summer gale,
In Gorey at the mountain-foot is heard
the maidens' wail.
Ye pikemen, brave pikemen,
Ha! tarry not ye pikemen!
'Tis yours to quell that spawn of
hell,
For hearths and homes, ye pike-
men!

The morning sun is burnishing the
slopes of Oulart Hill,
His low beam strikes on serried pikes,
a sight the soul to thrill.
Like flames athwart the ripened fields,
from Wexford's guarded gate
The "red North Cork" (their life-sands
run) march out to meet their fate.
The pikemen, the pikemen,
The dread, resistless pikemen,
Grim harvest now on Oulart's
brow
They reap, the rebel pikemen.

High noon in Enniscorthy—from the
far-famed Duffry Gate
The tyrant's smoking cannon hurl their
messengers of hate;
In vain, in vain, his bullets rain, and
thunder loud the guns,
Those ranks accursed, the pikemen burst
—old Wexford's dashing sons!
The pikemen, the pikemen,
They staggered from the pikemen;
Their black hearts feel
The patriot steel,
The vengeance of the pikemen.

The "Ancient Britons" went to death
on Tubberneering's plain,
The Irish green at Taghmon waved o'er
many a foeman slain.
Oh, for an Owen Roe again to lead with
Spanish steel!
From Wexford's bristling vanguard
then oppression's ranks should reel.
The pikemen, the pikemen,
A leader for the pikemen,
They heard with fear your stormy
cheer,
Ye mocked at death, fierce pike-
men!

'Tis true, alas, ye fought, and failed
when stubborn Ross ran red,
The fatal slope of Vinegar Hill was
matted with your dead.
Unconquered souls! your fame shall live
while runs the rapid Nore,
All honor, deathless pikemen, to your
green graves evermore!
The pikemen, the pikemen,
When Erin needs her pikemen,
God send her then heroic men
Like Wexford's fearless pikemen.

The glorious hills of Wexford I will
journey far to see,
Where fought the peasant warriors for
land and liberty.
At Ross and crimsoned Oulart I will
kneel in heart-felt prayer
For the wild Wexford pikemen whose
ashes moulder there.
The pikemen, the pikemen,
God rest the rebel pikemen.
Fair flowerets blow and sham-
rocks grow
Above the Wexford pikemen.

J. B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mon.)

BETWEEN the potatoes and the English Ireland is in a bad fix. Raleigh, the Englishman, brought the potato first to Ireland, and the devil brought the English. Ireland will never be prosperous until she gets rid of both.

ACCORDING to an English correspondent an Irish dame, in Dublin, asked the Duchess of York, "How's your baby?" "Prince Edward was well when I left him," replied Mrs. York. If the old dame had asked York bluntly, "How's your wife?" he might have been startled into asking, "Which one?"

WHATEVER may be said of the sentiments of the Irish people—generally that of absolute indifference—to the visit of the Yorks, it is certain that the climate of Ireland, ever since their landing, has been in rebellion against them. Rain, rain nothing but rain has pursued them everywhere. In Dublin, Belfast, Galway and even favored Killarney, they have been treated to "everlasting wet;" their sight seeing has been spoiled, and their fine clothes have been pentifully spattered with honest, adhesive and highly rebellious Irish mud. The correspondent of one paper, writing from Killarney, says, with a kind of "loyal" wail: "On Sunday Killarney showed the royal visitors what it can do at times in the way of raining. Rain fell in torrents from early morning until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. From that hour onwards it only came in occasional showers. Frequently where the rain was heaviest the sun shone out with considerable brilliancy, but unfortunately this did not lessen the power of the downpour to wet all those on whom it fell. A rather elaborate programme, including a boating expedition on the lakes, had been arranged for the duke and duchess, but even the presence of royalty could not induce the weather to change its character, and in consequence the afternoon trip had to be considerably abridged." We return a cordial vote of thanks to the Irish climate for having frowned upon the "proud invaders," but, at the same time, we regret it did not spare the people's food supply.

THE IRISH BROGUE.

(*Irish Standard.*)

When one reads the works of fiction written by English and American writers who use the Irish "brogue" he is likely to find specimens of barbarism very difficult to pronounce. The Scotch brogue used in its pristine purity by Ian MacLaren in his stories is anything but refined to the ordinary reader unacquainted with Scotch pronunciation; but the Irish brogue used by Anglo-Saxon writers is less musical, if possible. There undoubtedly is an Irish brogue, but few know how to use it properly, in print. When the writer visited Ireland some years ago he heard different kinds of accents in different parts of the country, but in all his peregrinations he never heard the uncouth and vulgar "brogue" of the novelists. Some of the Irish writers who wrote for the British market caricatured their own countrymen to please their English readers, and the "brogue" in their works is far from being genuine.

The accent of the educated Irishman is different from that of the educated Englishman or Scotchman, and one has but little difficulty in ascertaining the nationality of the speaker by the tone of his voice and by his pronunciation of certain words.

When Dr. Johnson was preparing his dictionary for the press he was in doubt as to the proper pronunciation of the word "great." At that time Lord Chesterfield was the most polished speaker in the house of lords, while Richard Brinsley Sheridan was the most elegant speaker in the house of commons. The former sounded the word as if spelled "greet" and the latter pronounced it "grate." The lexicographer adopted the pronunciation of Lord Chesterfield on the ground that none but an Irishman would call it "grate;" but the Irishman's pronunciation has prevailed to the present day, and is likely to last for all time. Probably the contemporaries of Sheridan thought he had a strong Irish accent and yet they preferred to follow him rather than Chesterfield in the pronunciation of the word "great."

The present Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Charles Russell, is an Irishman, and though a polished speaker he has a rich Irish brogue. One day when addressing the court he was annoyed by Sir Digby Seymour Q.C., who kept up a flow of small talk. "I wish you would be quiet, Saymour," said Russell, with his Irish accent. "My name is Seymour, if you please," replied the learned gentleman, with mock dignity. "Then I wish you would see more and say less." was the rejoinder.

The best defense of the Irish brogue which we have seen for some time is the following from the Catholic Journal of the New South, an esteemed contemporary published in Memphis. In replying to a local contemporary which had reflected on a magistrate bearing an Irish patronymic because of his brogue, the Catholic Journal says:

"It is this self-same tone, accent or brogue, whichever you wish to designate it, that fell from the lips of Edmund Burke when he electrified the world with his masterly eloquence; the same brogue tipped the tongues of Henry Grattan and Philpot Curran when England hearkened in fear and trembling to their fearless demand for justice to Ireland; the same sweet brogue fell from the lips of the great Irish emancipator, O'Connell, when he swayed all Ireland by his matchless oratory, and caused the greatest soldier of the world, that recreant Irishman, the Duke of Wellington, to plead on bended knee to an English king to grant the demands of O'Connell, for the voice of the emancipator with the rich brogue uttered the sentiments of 8,000,000 of determined Irishmen; this same brogue was heard from Father Tom Burke when, in reply to the great English historian, Froude, he visited Memphis and many other cities and convinced the American people that Froude was wrong and lied when he said that England's treatment of Ireland was just; this same brogue was a noticeable characteristic of Charles O'Connor, the father of the American bar, and of James Brady, the greatest legal light of his age; this same brogue, rich and full, mellowed the voice of Bourke Cockran last winter when thousands of Memphians listened to his thrilling address in the Auditorium.

"Oh, yes, dear contemporary, there have been others as well as this magistrate from whose lips the mellifluous Celtic accent has fallen, and they have had no reason to blush that it was so. At a dinner party in London, given in honor of Father Tom Burke, the distinguished Dominican, by a prominent English lady, the guest of honor, who had a deep, musical brogue, was jocosely bantered during the course of conversation with his hostess about his brogue, and that it was so surprising that he, a man of letters, a distinguished orator, a renowned conversationalist, should still speak with that broad Irish accent. Father Tom, smilingly, replied: 'My dear lady, I would not part with that brogue for your estate.' 'Why not?' she queried. 'Because,' answered Galway's honored son, 'some day I expect to knock for entrance at the gate of heaven, and when good St. Peter asks who comes, and I reply in that rich Irish brogue, he will certainly know I am all right, and from the right place and gladly welcome me into eternal happiness.' The justice whom our contemporary facetiously twits with having the brogue instead of the screech owl twang of the cotton chopper, is an American and never saw Ireland, but if he did have the Irish brogue he would have no reason to feel ashamed of it."

FORMING AN ENGINEER CORPS.

The Governor of Illinois has just authorized the organization of a corps of engineers in the national guard to consist of about one hundred men. The headquarters will be in Chicago, and the corps will be under the command of Capt. Thos. F. Kelly, who is a graduate of two of the best military schools in country. He has also had experience abroad, and intends to make the organization as nearly perfect as possible. The discipline will be severe and the new code will be lived up to to the letter. The instruction will be most thorough and practical, and will embrace all that is necessary to the modern infantry and engineer soldiery. A higher course in military science will be pursued by those found sufficiently qualified to undertake it. Intelligent, able-bodied young Irish-Americans, not less than 5 feet 8 inches tall, to weigh from 130 to 190 pounds, who are willing to undergo the strictest discipline, are the kind of recruits wanted, no previous military instruction necessary; no dues.

Report at Seventh Infantry Armory, 401 Wabash avenue (Battle of Gettysburg Panorama) Monday evening Sept. 20 at 8 p. m., and bring your young friends.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Liberty Council.

The regular monthly meeting of Liberty Council, I. N. A., will be held on Friday, Sept. 17, at 8 p. m., in Dougherty's hall, No. 446 West Twelfth street. The committee have in course of preparation an excellent programme, consisting of a high order of talent for this occasion. The principal speaker will be Mr. George E. Gorman, a young lawyer, at present connected with the City Attorney's office. All lovers of liberty are invited to be present at the meeting, and the ladies and grown children are particularly invited on this occasion. Admission free.

M. HEANY, President.
PATRICK RICE, Secretary.

"My Stomach troubled me, and I had rheumatism, which was contracted in the army. I was recommended to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I did so. My stomach and the rheumatism trouble me no more."—James H. VanDuzer, 1401 Milwaukee avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

Irish Day in Nashville.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 1, 1897.—Mr. Lawrence Henely, County President A. O. H. of Cook County—Dear Sir: The Irish-American ladies of this city earnestly request that you call a meeting of the Irish-American ladies of your city and organize an association to co-operate with us in making Irish-American Day (the 21st of September), one of the greatest days of the Centennial Exposition. We also ask from your city one Maid of Honor to our Goddess of Liberty, and hope you will select one and let us hear from you very soon, so we may correspond with the ladies there and give all necessary advice. Trusting that Chicago will send us a large delegation of both gentlemen and ladies, and promising that we will do all we can to make their stay here pleasant, we are, yours respectfully, the Irish-American ladies of Nashville, Tenn. MRS. W. J. VARLEY, Secretary.

Ferris Wheel Park.

Next Thursday at the Ferris Wheel Park will be devoted to a grand benefit for the Woman's Relief Corps of the G. A. R., and besides the regular vaudeville programme, special features will be introduced tending to enliven the occasion. The 10-cent school children Saturday matinee has become one of the most popular additions to the park inducements and the continued warm weather, in conjunction with the splendid high-class vaudeville programmes, have combined to keep the capacity of the park tested daily. The wheel continues free week day afternoons. The bill for the week includes Dean and Jose, the Geller Troupe, Stanley and Jackson, the Azimonti Japs, Olschanski and Lonny and many others.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE

TWO WEEKS, BEGINNING

MONDAY, SEPT. 20.

THE SINGING COMEDIAN.

ANDREW MACK

In the Tremendously Successful New Play of Life in Ireland.

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN.

BY RAMSAY MORRIS.

MANAGEMENT RICH & HARRIS.

A Fascinating Play. A Superb Supporting Company. Beautiful Scenery.

HEAR MACK'S NEW SONGS:

"The Irish Street Singer."
Mack's "Dove Song."
"My Sweetest Girl."
"My Heart's Delight."

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 26, MR. MACK'S ONLY SUNDAY PERFORMANCE.

SANITARY DISTRICT OF CHICAGO.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids addressed to the Board of Trustees of the Sanitary District of Chicago will be received by the Clerk of the Sanitary District at Room 1110 Security Building, Chicago, Illinois, up to 12 m. (standard time) of Wednesday, November 10th, 1897, and will be publicly opened by the said Board of Trustees, at the regular meeting held that day, or at a special meeting called for that purpose.

The work for which said leaders are invited is:

First. The excavation of a channel, designated as "The Tail Race," and the building of the embankments, masonry core, higoway approaches, and all collateral work necessary or incident to the said tail race, as described and specified in the detail specifications furnished by the Engineer.

Second. The construction of a "Weir Dam" of masonry, and the work collateral thereto, as described in the detailed specifications furnished by the Engineer.

Each bidder may make alternative propositions, one upon the basis of his being awarded both divisions of the work and one for each division of the work, independent of the other, and the Board of Trustees may award all of the work to one bidder, or may award the Tail Race to one bidder and the Weir Dam to another, reserving the right, however, to reject any and all bids.

A certified check for or cash to the amount of three thousand dollars ($3,000) must be deposited with the bid for each division of the work, but two such checks or deposits will be accepted as covering the entire work on the basis of alternative propositions. All certified checks must be drawn on some responsible bank doing business in the city of Chicago, and be made payable to the order of the Clerk of the Sanitary District of Chicago. Said amount of three thousand ($3,000) dollars for each division of the work will be held by the Sanitary District until all of said bids have been canvassed and the contract awarded and signed, the return of said check or cash being conditioned upon any bidder to whom the award of said work may be made appearing within ten (10) days after notice of such award being given, with bondsmen, and executing a contract with the Sanitary District for the work so awarded, and giving a bond satisfactory to the said Board of Trustees for the fulfillment of the same in the amount of sixty thousand dollars ($60,000) for the Tail Race and fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) for the Weir Dam.

All bids must be made upon blank forms furnished by the Sanitary District, and must give the price for each separate class of work or material called for by the specifications.

The bids will be compared on the basis of the prices bid per cubic yard applied to the Engineer's approximate estimate of quantities added to the lump sum price for any portion of the work upon which a lump sum bid may be asked.

No bid will be considered unless the party making it shall furnish evidence satisfactory to the Board of Trustees of his ability and experience in this class of work, and that he can control sufficient capital to enable him successfully to prosecute same in case the contract therefor shall be awarded him.

Bidders are required to state in their bids their individual names and places of residence in full.

Specifications and plans may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, Room 1010 Security Building, Chicago, Illinois.

The said Board of Trustees reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

THE SANITARY DISTRICT OF CHICAGO,
By THOMAS KELLY,
President of its Board of Trustees.
Attest: JAMES REDDICK, Clerk.
CHICAGO, September 8, 1897.

Vacation Days.

In the Lake Regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of charming localities preeminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days" giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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No Charge to Employer or Employed. Services Absolutely free of cost.

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STEAM COAL A SPECIALTY.

NAMES IN JERSEY.

SOME OF THE TOWNS THAT MAY BE FOUND IN EVERY ATLAS.

Picturesque Nomenclature That Is Original and Fresh From the Soil—A Native Jerseyman's Explanations of Some of the Appellations.

"Other states may be bigger and richer and turn in a heavier vote," said the man with the woodbine whiskers twining gently about his face, "but for picturesqueness of nomenclature New Jersey takes the gold medal."

"You're from Jersey, sir, I suppose," said the man who had just come in from the smoking car.

"I am, sir, and I'm proud of it. I come in on this train every day to business in the city, and in my leisure moments I make a study of the geography of my native state. I may say, sir—I think I may say with confidence—that few men are so well informed as I upon this interesting subject of New Jersey's geographical nomenclature. You observe, sir, that I say New Jersey, not Jersey, which is an undignified beheading of a noble title."

"Possibly it is because I'm a New Yorker," said the man across the aisle, "but I have always thought New York to be pretty strong on interesting names."

"A great error, sir," declared he of the whiskers. "A very great error. Your names are mainly corrupted Indian titles or direct cribs from ancient days—Ithaca, Marathon, Utica, Homer, Virgil, Syracuse, Sempronius, Moravia, Rome, Cato, Palmyra and a score of others. You have borrowed the glories that should have been buried with Greece and Rome. Our titles, sir, are dug up from the soil and replete with meaning. Let me cite some."

Here he pulled a small notebook from his pocket, and the other man, with regretful politeness, said he would be glad to learn something on the subject.

"Consider, sir," continued the Jerseyite, "the appropriateness of such names as Ragtown, Breakfast Point, Camp Law, Polifly, Radix, Pluckemin, Pocktown, Tillietudelum and Succasuna."

"Some of them sound familiar," said the New Yorker, "but are all of those real names?"

"Every one of 'em on the map, sir," replied the other warmly. "I'll give you $100 for any one of those that isn't a real place, and they fairly reek of the soil. Now, here's another batch—Bone Hill, Wickatunk, Bamber, Atco, Wollyfield, Blue Anchor, Blazing Star, Hockamick, Jahokeyville, Oney's Hat, Kalarama, Flyat, Flickerville, Zingaro, Wakeake and Batsto."

"They sound as if they were taken from Jabberwocky," remarked the New Yorker. "They're utter nonsense."

"Taken straight from the countryside," averred the geographer. "They may not be very strong on sense. Those names I cite merely as instances of pure beauty of sound. If you're looking for meaning, I can give that to you. For instance, there are Barley Sheaf and Wheat Sheaf, poetically suggestive of the agricultural riches of our beautiful state. Our domestic animals are commemorated in such fitting titles as Goosetown, Hensfoot, Hogtown, Monkeytown, Horseneck and Peacocktown, while for other animals there are Skunktown, Pole Tavern, which used to be Polecat Tavern; Postertown (if a poster sin't a wild animal I don't know what is), Snake Hill, Turtletown, Frogtown, and I don't know but what Batsto ought to come in there. The frogs get another show at Manunka Chunk, which is the name they gave it themselves, singing of nights out in the swamps.

"Now, for the temperance folk there are blazing signs of warning in such names as Whisky Lane, Gin Point, Jugtown and Bum Tavern. There used to be an innkeeper in the latter place, by the way, who sued the authorities once a year for maintaining such a title and always compromised for 5 cents, with which he bought himself a drink and was well satisfied. One year the authorities started in to fight the case and the innkeeper in disgust quit the business and Bum Tavern simultaneously. A place with a suggestive title is Naughright, which got its name from a large farm owner's sign, nailed on a tree at the roadside, 'No right of way here.' They got calling him Old No Right, and when the village sprung up they called it after him, but a man who had spelling reform the wrong way made it as it now stands. Speaking of spelling, there's one village you can spell either Packnack, Pacquanac, Pequanac or Pequannock, but you can't pronounce it as the natives do, no matter which way you choose.

"There are some names more suggestive than beautiful—Scrabbletown, Scrapetown, Slabtown, Samptown and Solitude, for instance. Some belie their names, like Recklesstown, which is as peaceful as a graveyard and in the same general line of business, keeping its inhabitants buried far from the cares of this busy world. Then there's Roundabout, which is a plain four corners crossing, and Small Lots, with nothing but wide stretches of countryside. As for Pellettville, I've heard that there isn't a drug store there, but I can't swear as to that, not having been there for many years."

"Look here," put in the New Yorker. "I believe you're the man who writes the suburban stories in the comic papers and you're practicing names on me."

"You do me great injustice!" cried the geographer. "Every name has its local habitation, and you can find them all in the atlases. Next you'll be caviling at such well known places as Snufftown, Ringoes, Rustic, Absecon, Hackle Barney, Soho, Buchville, Rural Place, Sodom, Blue Ball, Allamuchy, Totowa, Buckshutem, Duty Neck, Warbass and Smith's Turn Out."

The New Yorker rubbed his nose and said nothing.—New York Sun.

MONEY MAKING IN TACOMA.

The City of Destiny Once Coined Its Own Cash.

Tacoma once had a mint that coined all of the money in circulation where the City of Destiny now stands, and it did not require the fiat of Uncle Sam, the silver of Idaho or the gold of California to make the pieces from Tacoma's mint pass current among the Indians and the few hardy pioneers who were blazing the path of civilization through the forest on the shores of Commencement bay, says the Tacoma Ledger.

Back in the early seventies the Tacoma Mill company, not being able to handily secure gold and silver for use in trading with and paying off the Indian laborers and early settlers, hit upon the novel plan of issuing its own currency, and to this end set its blacksmith to work to fashion for it out of scraps of iron and brass pieces of money, or, rather, tokens, which could be used as a circulating medium. The pieces consisted of 40 cent and 45 cent iron tokens and brass $1 pieces. The 40 cent pieces were about an inch in diameter and the 45 cent pieces were about the size of the present silver half dollar. The $1 pieces were oval in shape, about 1¼ inches long, an inch wide and a sixteenth of an inch in thickness. These pieces were stamped with the figures showing their value, and readily passed current all over the country tributary to the mill. Nearly all of this old "mill" coin has passed away, but a few days ago William Hanson of the Tacoma Mill company presented a set of these queer coins to the Ferry museum. In his letter to the museum he said:

"The honesty of the people and the absence of any blacksmith shop save that of the company made the use of this money possible."

Oregon has long boasted that the "Beaver" coin, minted at Oregon City in the early fifties, was the only money minted in the northwest in the days of the pioneer, but here in Tacoma, long years after Oregon's "Beaver" mint had become a historical incident, was a primitive mint that supplied the coin to furnish the pioneers and Indians with all of the necessities for their rough lives. The coins, which are still preserved, are roughly made, just such as any blacksmith with ordinary tools might make, and as a matter of fact during the early years of the mill company's existence formed practically the local circulating medium of exchange. When the Indians who were employed in the mill were paid for their labor, this coin sufficed, as all the trading they did was with the little store run in connection with the mill. The iron and brass pieces were, of course, passed among the Indians in trading with each other, and as anything in the way of supplies was purchased by them at the mill store the pieces were fully as good to them as if they had borne the stamp of the government.

Changes In Cave Dwelling Animals.

"The influence of environment upon organisms is nowhere more striking," says Science, "than in the case of animals which find themselves accidentally lost in caves and which succeed in accustoming themselves to the situation in spite of its difficulties. M. Armand Vire gives some notes on his observations in the Comptes Rendus. The principal difference in the situation consists in the absence of light and in the rarity of animal prey. The eye always becomes atrophied to a degree which varies with the species and also with the individual. There is sometimes a difference between the two eyes of a single individual. The eyes are to a certain extent replaced by other organs of sense; the antennæ of the campodes become, in some individuals, twice as long as usual, and sometimes longer than the entire body. The tactile hairs with which the body is covered obtain an exaggerated development, and in the crustaceans sometimes even invade the ocular globe. Hearing does not seem to be accentuated, but the sense of smell is very acute, and a bit of tainted flesh becomes invaded in a very few minutes with a large colony of animals. The organs of digestion become very considerably modified in those species which are naturally carnivorous, and in two staphylins the mandibles were found to be completely atrophied. Every animal is more or less completely depigmented, but those which had no trace of color remaining began to have numerous little black spots disseminated over the whole body after they had been kept for a month in the light, and these spots were particularly abundant in those parts (antennæ and claws) which had been accidentally lost and were in course of restoration."

His Last Meal.

Every day some fresh source of food supply is discovered, says The Stamp Collector. Adhesive stamps have not hitherto been regarded as nutritious. The ostrich prefers gold watches for a steady diet, and the traveling tinker's donkey has a reputation for consuming any clean linen that may be handy.

A Hindoo paper, however, gives an account of a curious incident that occurred at the residency in a remote district in Ceylon a little while ago. Mr. Pieris, the office assistant, placed on his table some judicial stamps to the value of about 200 rupees. While his attention was drawn to something else his pet goat was slowly but surely making a meal of the stamps. This was not discovered until the goat had swallowed some 50 rupees' worth of stamps. Immediately the goat's life was demanded as a penalty, and the stamps, afterward taken from its stomach, were forwarded to the commissioner.

Lepers and the Law.

The Norman-English laws enacted that a leper had neither power to sue in any court nor to inherit property. During his lifetime he was permitted to enjoy the usufruct of any property in his possession at the time he was "found guilty," so to speak, of leprosy, but all rights of disposition over it he lost.

DISHORNING CATTLE.

The Operation and Its After Effects Productive of Extreme Torture.

Professor McCall, for many years principal of the Glasgow Veterinary college, speaking of the practice of dishorning cattle, said: "I have heard the evidence of Professor Walley, and I agree with him that the operation is one of extreme torture at the time and afterward. There must be more or less pain until the wound is entirely healed. Under the most favorable circumstances it must be painful for ten days. The operation does not benefit the animal in the least nor the flesh as food. But if the animal is vicious I consider it sufficient to remove the tips of the horns. I have known of an animal from which the tips of the horns had been removed to take to butting again, but very rarely. Even then he did not do much damage."

George Andrew Leper, fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, said: "I consider the practice of dishorning cruel because it causes fearful pain and is absolutely unnecessary. I have heard the previous evidence and agree with it."

Professor William Pritchard of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, London, and for 20 years professor at the Royal Veterinary college, Camden Town, had heard the previous evidence and agreed that the operation tortures the animal and is unnecessary.

Professor Cox, Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons and for some time its president, said, "In my opinion dishorning is extremely cruel and quite unnecessary."

Professor J. Macqueen, for ten years professor at the Glasgow College of Veterinary Surgeons and afterward at the Royal Veterinary college, Camden Town, said: "The operation is not necessary, and, if performed at all, should be done on the animal before it is 6 or 8 months old. That prevents the horns growing, and the operation is comparatively painless."—Our Animal Friends.

DIAGNOSIS BY GESTURE.

Different Diseases Produce Characteristic Movements of the Limbs.

A medical paper in a recent issue has described the characteristic movements of the limbs made by persons suffering from different diseases. The gestures of the patient when asked to locate his pain not only indicate its seat, but describe its character. Thus, if the pain be in the chest and distributed over a large area the sufferer sweeps the palm of his hand over his chest with a circular motion, but should the pain be local he first draws his hand away from the body and then, with the index finger outstretched and the others curved cautiously, approaches the spot where the trouble is. In appendicitis he holds the palm of the hand over the diseased area without touching the skin. When suffering from violent noninflammatory pains, the patient slaps the abdomen. A child who complains of continuous pain in the stomach, when there is no tenderness on pressure is probably afflicted with disease of the spine. In hip joint disease the pain will be referred to at a point inside the knee. With violent diffused noninflammatory pain in the leg the patient grasps the limb affected. If it be a shooting pain, he will point at the place with one finger.

The pain of hepatic neuralgia or shingles is indicated with the thumb or forefinger. In joint pains the patient approaches the seat of trouble cautiously with the hand flat.

A curious case is quoted of a patient complaining of a severe headache. Being asking in what part of the head it was, he answered, "The top," and when further questioned as to the exact spot pressed his finger on the side above the cheek bone. This he did three times, though declaring that the seat of the pain was exactly on the top of the head. The cause of the trouble was found to be a bad tooth.

Richelieu as an Editor.

The first reporter of France was Louis XIII. The National library possesses the manuscripts of 36 articles written by that king. Almost all are accounts of his military operations. These articles were published in the Gazette de France. The "copy," however, did not go directly to the printer. Louis XIII wrote abominable French, and he had vague notions of orthography. His articles were corrected and often entirely rearranged by a secretary named Lucas, who copied them, sending to Richelieu the new manuscript. Richelieu examined it in his turn and often introduced additional corrections. At the siege of Corbie the king wrote a few lines eulogistic of the cardinal, but afterward crossed them out of his article. Richelieu wrote them in again, and so they appeared in the Gazette de France.—Revue de Paris.

The Man Fish.

Matthew Buchinger, mentioned in old English wonder books as the "man fish," was the most remarkable monstrosity of his time. He had neither hands, arms, feet nor legs. From his shoulders grew two finlike excrescences, and along his back there were several rows of scales. He had the lidless eyes characteristic of the fish species and a queer puckered mouth and no ears.

Picking Oakum.

Picking oakum looks very simple, but it is dreadful work. It soon wears the skin off your finger tips, and the monotony of it is perfectly maddening. The usual amount a prisoner in an English jail has to pick in a day is 3½ pounds.

It is calculated from Revelation xxi, 16, that there is ample room in heaven for 297,000,000,000,000 people, or as many as the world would produce in 100,000 centuries.

The population of the earth at the time of the Emperor Augustus is estimated at 54,000,000. It is estimated now to be about 1,400,000,000.

HANDS OFF THE BIRDS.

Time was when man made ready war
And in his caverned lair
Beaded his fellow's teeth and wore
The trophies in his hair.

Time is when ruthless savage, swart,
And slaves of fashion, fair,
Flay God's sweet choristers to sport
The trophies in their hair.

Where lies the onus of the doom?
Who flaunt symbolic pain?
The principals are those for whom
The innocents are slain.

How long, Lord God, shall blood price gain
Buy inhumanity?
How long shall sanguined stigma stain
The brow of vanity?

Hands off the birds, whose worship pours
From every templed grove!
Let live earth's fittest metaphors
Of beauty, joy and love!
—Benjamin Lander in New York Times.

LONDON'S PAST PLEASURES.

How Its Inhabitants Amused Themselves a Century or Two Ago.

The Londoner in the long past might retire to Bagnigge Wells, near the present King's Cross, or Florida gardens, Brompton (Brompton was noted 100 years ago for its "salubrious air"), or the Marylebone gardens and Bowling Green, mentioned by Pepys as "a pretty place" so long ago as 1668, or the Bayswater Tea gardens, which flourished till after the middle of the present century, there to sit in a summer house overgrown with honeysuckle and sweetbrier, drinking tea, then held in much esteem as a fashionable beverage, and eating cheese cakes, "heart cakes," Chelsea buns, syllabubs, jellies, creams, hot loaves, rolls and butter, while a band performed a concerto by Corelli or the last new composition by Mr. Handel, "The Master of Musick," or a singer gave the last new song by Dr. Arne. Afterward his visitors might enjoy the privilege of drinking new milk from the cow and picking flowers and fruit, "fresh every hour in the day," a great attraction, doubtless, for Londoners at a period when fruit and flowers were neither so cheap nor so abundant in the metropolis as they are at present. Nor were more artificial amusements lacking. In addition to illuminations, fireworks and masquerades, attended by the world of fashion from princes downward, there were miscellaneous entertainments of every sort.

A high scaffolding was erected in Marylebone gardens in 1736 for a predecessor of Blondin called "the flying man," who was advertised to fly down on a rope pushing a wheelbarrow before him. In May, 1785, Lunardi, the first aeronaut who went up in a balloon in England and was quaintly called "the first aerial traveler in English atmosphere" by contemporary prints, descended unexpectedly one afternoon in the Adam and Eve Tea gardens in the neighborhood of Tottenham Court road, then a resort of fashion, and was uproariously welcomed by the populace in acknowledgment of his flight. Later on aeronautic flights became a special feature of all these pleasure gardens. Ponds containing goldfish—a novelty in the middle of the eighteenth century—were reckoned as another of their special attractions and were advertised as "gold and silver fish, which afford pleasing ideas to every spectator."—Temple Bar.

Japanese English.

The Rev. Masazao Kagaren brought me a present of a tin of native preserved apricots put up at Nagano, bearing the inscription, "This apricots is very sweetest." Another tin—I think it was a sort of Japanese "Liebig"—was still more remarkably inscribed: "All the medicines of our company used to sell are not only manufactured of the pure and good material, but also, unless the article are inspected by the superintendent, they not sealed. It is true that their quality is best. If there was suspection about it, trust on official examination. If even in the slightest neglect the result is not good, our company should be responsible for it. Beware the trademark, sealing wax and wrapper of our company." In this connection I may remark on the curious signs in English (?) composed in cheerful independence of outside help. I have seen the equivalent of the English "mangling done here" rendered "the machine for smoothing the wrinkles in the trousers" and "Washman, ladies only," "Clothing of woman tailor, ladies furnished in upper story," "Instracted by the French horse leech," (this adorned the door of a veterinary surgeon and referred to the tuition under which the gentleman was trained). — From "Mountaineering In the Japanese Alps," by Rev. Walter Weston.

Inopportune Shelling.

The troops were storming a temple or a palace, and O'Shaughnessy stopped before a mirror and stood twirling his mustache and admiring himself, though the bullets were whistling round him.

"Bedad, Shaugh," he said to himself, with a grin, "ye're a fine figure of a man."

Crash came a bit of lead, which starred the said mirror into a thousand cracks, quite obliterating Shaugh's features.

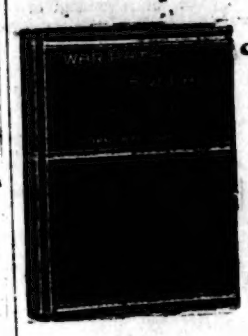
"Bedad," said he coolly, "ye've sp'iled a foine view that I had of meself."—London Mail.

The Minister's Mistake.

In a rural parish in the Mearns an Aberdeen divine, who had driven over in a hired vehicle, occupied the pulpit. Only one person attended service, and the minister apologized for the length of his discourse. His audience signified his approval of his preaching, and the minister continued. Guess his consternation when he discovered his audience consisted of his driver, who had been engaged by the hour.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany combined.

War Path and Bivouac;



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First he must know exactly what a cube is—namely, that it is the result of multiplying one number by itself and then multiplying the product by the original number. Thus, 3 multiplied by 3 equals 9, and 9 multiplied by 3, the original number, produces 27, which consequently is the cube of 3. The cube root of 27 is the original number, 3, and to find the cube root is the reverse of finding the cube. The would be adept at this art should first study carefully the following figures:

1×1×1= 1	2×2×2= 8	3×3×3= 27
4×4×4= 64	5×5×5=125	6×6×6=216
7×7×7=343	8×8×8=512	9×9×9=729

A close study of these figures shows that 2 multiplied in this manner by itself results in 8, that 8 multiplied by itself has 2 as a final figure, that 3 multiplied by itself has 7 as a final figure, that 7 multiplied by itself has 3 as a final figure, and that 4, 5, 6 and 9 multiplied by themselves have their original figures as finals. Hence the "artist" knows that any sum given to him the final figure of which is 8 must have 2 as a cube root; that if the final figure be 9, the cube root must be 9, and so on.

For example, give him the figures 74,088, and he can at once tell that 42 is the cube root, for the reason that 74 has 4 as a cube root, as the cube of 4 is 64, while the cube of 5 is 125, much more than 74, and 088 has 2 as a cube root.

Or give him a more difficult problem, as, for example, the figures 324,369. Then he will see at a glance that 324 is more than 216, which is the cube of 6, but is less than 343, the cube of 7. Therefore the cube root of these three figures is 6. In like manner the final figure of 369 being 9, it follows that the cube root of these three figures is 9, and thus the cube root of the six figures has been shown to be 69.

Any one can test this method for himself, and a little practice is all that is needed to make one as deft in such jugglery of figures as the best "lightning calculator."

Of course a skilled arithmetician could easily frame problems that could not be solved in this offhand fashion, but such difficult tests are seldom offered by public audiences, and, as a rule, the "artists" are easily able to answer all the questions asked of them.—New York Herald.

How Cold Metals Sometimes Mix.

Professor Roberts-Austen's discoveries on the subject of the interdiffusibility of metals is most interesting reading. The facts have been to some extent known to savants before the meeting of the Royal society, at which more public attention was drawn, but on that occasion the results were made more clear. It was then shown that solid metals may be made to mix themselves as if the atoms were living creatures.

Professor Roberts-Austen has, in fact, discovered pieces of metal engaged in the very act of mixing themselves up one with the other. Of course the interest of this is that the interdiffusion of which we speak has been found to take place when the metals were cold, and, though this property in metals, to be capable of attaching themselves one to the other when cold, has been talked about before, nothing so clearly proved has hitherto been at the service of metallurgists and chemists as the facts adduced by Professor Roberts-Austen. He shows that when clean surfaces of lead and gold are held together in the absence of air at a temperature of 40 degrees for four days they unite firmly and can only be separated by a force equal to one third of the breaking strain of the lead. The professor has also proved that if a plate of gold be laid under one of lead about three-tenths of an inch thick in three days gold will have risen and diffused itself to the top of the other metal in very appreciable quantity.—Colliery Guardian.

Lord Palmerston.

A minister who kept race horses and had at his command a good store of very blunt vernacular, who could not be got to admit that he understood an abstract thought, who always knew what he wanted and was determined to carry it out regardless of the opinions of others, who conceived his own ideas to be superior to those of other people, who never looked farther than tomorrow and much preferred not to think beyond this evening, but who at the same time was determined to establish the privilege of an Englishman to the sidewalk all over the world, while men of other nations might step into the gutter—this minister represented aspirations which had long ago sickened under the rounded periods intended to convince humanity that bread and calico summed up their total requirements and were more sufficient for rational happiness. This was the popular conception of Palmerston when, in 1855, he became first minister of the crown.—"Yoke of Empire," by R. B. Brett.

A Permanent Paste.

Soak an ounce of refined gelatin in cold water for an hour, then drain off and squeeze out the water as much as possible. Put the gelatin in a jelly pot and place the pot in a pan of hot water over the fire. When the gelatin has melted, stir in slowly 2½ ounces of pure alcohol. Put in a wide mouthed bottle and cork tightly. This glue or paste will keep indefinitely and can be melted for use in a few minutes by setting the bottle in a basin of hot water. As it contains a very small percentage of water it affects the gloss of the prints but little and dries almost immediately.—Harper's Round Table.

Resting at Unyanyembe.

My march is nearly over. I have got back into well be ten tracks and am even occupying a house where nearly every Englishman who has entered this region of Africa has lain and groaned over his fevers, his delays and the thousand and one troubles incidental to African travel. Livingstone waited here with patient resignation for months, ruminating no doubt now on the great lake, anon on the "great open sore of the world." Stanley barricaded and loopholed its walls in the war with Mirambo. Here Cameron groaned over his fevers and his delays, and before me rises the picture of Murphy, stout and burly, sinking with a groan to the ground, and Dillon, blind and helpless, lying wearily on his couch. In later times Captain Carter of elephant fame had to flee from the house as from a house infected, and but a few days ago his Scotch assistant and two Belgians were on the point of shooting each other with their revolvers, and, last of all, to close this "strange, eventful history," here lies yours truly, resting from his long and lonely march and feeling as if his work was o'er.

I am at the present moment a prey to that horrible scourge, prickly heat, making me feel as if needles were oozing out of every pore of my corpus. Mosquitoes by the million buzz about my ears, but sing no pleasant love song to my maddening brain. I am also a martyr to certain volcanic eruptions vulgarly known as boils, which prevent me from sitting, lying, walking or standing with any degree of comfort. Then the temperature is so high that at midday I have not got out of my pyjamas, while to get a breath of air I have continually to resort to the fan.—Biography of Joseph Thompson, African Explorer.

VEXATIOUS.

What wondrous days indeed are these
When science shows a light
On any pathway that you please,
That you may turn aright!
Yet life is filled with terrors new.
The hours grow dull and long.
For everything you care to do,
The doctor says, is wrong.

Who tries to warble is forbid
Lest germs attack his throat.
The dancer's prowess must be hid,
Though he may screech a note.
Who dines in carelessness complete
Is tempted by the throng,
But he who likes to may not eat.
The doctor says it's wrong.

You shun the water, sparkling fair
Lest foes lurk there disguised.
You mustn't breathe unless the air
Has been well analyzed.
Thoughtless you turn, as is your wont,
With an affection strong,
To kiss your baby. But you don't.
The doctor says it's wrong.
—Washington Star.

REVIVED MEMORY.

When We Grow Old, We Recall the Things of Long Ago.

About 75 years ago, upon a rainy day, a small boy who had reached the mature age of 6 was sitting with his mamma and bemoaning the state of the weather and accompanying absence of novel entertainment. Mamma wore on her finger a beautiful ring that was a family heirloom, and as she sewed patiently the jewel glittered on her little white hand. The small boy regarded the bright bauble for some time in silence and then sweetly requested mamma to take it off and let him play with it. It was a weak thing to do, perhaps, but she complied. I dare say there are mothers at the present day who can sympathize with her, for human nature is the same, though fashions change, and when the "dear child" looked up in her face pleadingly he looked with papa's eyes, and papa was dead. So he got the ring and lost it, as might have been expected. He always insisted that he had "put it away to keep," but he could never remember where.

The years went on. The gentle young mother went out into the great unknown to find the light of her life that shone in "papa's eyes," and the century and the boy having been young together grew old in company too. Finally age began to tell on them. The century got troubled with a complaint designated "fin de siecle," and the boy lost his memory for the things of today, but became abnormally reminiscent in regard to the past. His thoughts often turned back to the young mother long dead, and in the decline of life he had as clear a mental picture of her as his boyish eyes had ever seen. One evening, having pushed his spectacles on top of his head and hunted everywhere for them vainly, he sat musing before the fire, when suddenly a flood of light illuminated that dark corner of his memory where hung the picture of that small edition of himself losing or "putting away" the ring. He sprang to his feet with an excited cry: "The ring! The ring! I slipped it down the crack in the window casing—the one that looks out on the orchard!"

Upon investigation the ring was brought from its long hiding place, which was the exact spot the old man had described.—Buffalo Express.

Forgot to Wear Trousers.

A certain noble lord, who shall be nameless, during his journey north on a political mission changed his costume for a full highland "rig out," intending it as a delicate compliment to the land of the kilt, but when he looked at himself in the glass he found that the tailor had cut his kilt too short, so he made up his mind to put on evening dress.

He changed his upper garments and then sat down for a few moments to study his speech. This set him to sleep. He awoke with a start, only to find himself running into the station. Forgetting what happened, he thrust on his hat and appeared at the window bowing, and this was how he was dressed:

He had a full highland costume as far as his waist. Above were a white shirt and swallow tailed coat, and the entire edifice was crowned with a chimney pot hat, upon which he sat down without noticing it. His lordship's horror when he stepped upon the platform and felt the keen wind cutting his bare legs changed to absolute agony when his valet appeared, scrambling out of the carriage with a pair of trousers in his hands, waving them wildly and exclaiming, "My lord, my lord, you've forgotten these."—London Telegraph.

Our Temperature.

The ordinary temperature of an adult when a thermometer is placed in the armpit is 98.4 degrees, in the mouth 99.5 degrees. The blood is about 100 degrees. Blood heat is marked on the thermometer at 99 degrees F. In fevers this is much exceeded, and the heat of the patient may rise to 105 degrees or 106 degrees. A higher temperature than this will generally prove fatal unless it descends very quickly. The highest temperatures recorded have been in some cases of rheumatic fever, when that of the body rose to 109 degrees and even to 111 degrees.

The Thirst For Office.

Women have had municipal suffrage in Kansas for the last ten years. During that time, in the 393 little "cities" of Kansas, about 1,500 men and only 15 women have served as mayors. This does not look as if women were unduly eager for office.—Christian Register.

The fact that the greater resistance is offered to the X rays by inanimate than by living flesh is now put to practical use in determining whether a person is really dead or not.

According to Dr. Forbes Winslow, kleptomania is found among boys, but very rarely indeed among men. The great majority of the victims are women.

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Meets First Wednesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President James, Thomas, 4527 Dryer st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Ed O'Connor, 1256 N. Robey st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonsard.
Recording Secretary, Owen Graham, 1191 Clybourn av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland ave., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

President, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 823 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Poesident, Timothy Duan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Heallon, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5411 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3923 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1457 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1339, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10809 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 5620 Drexel av
Vice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

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Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 595 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 923 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6947 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 538 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6339 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 22.

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Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
Sentinel, Miss Mamie Kelleher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
Meets the Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p.m.

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COMPANY A.

Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis st.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, James Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

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Shells as Money.

The relative value of cowry money varies. In British India and Siam about 4,000 pass for a shilling. The ordinary gradation in central and western Africa, the true home of cowry trading, is as follows: Forty cowries make a string; 2½ strings equal 1 penny; 50 strings, 1 head; 10 heads, 1 bag. A bag of 20,000 cowries just before the founding of the Kongo Free State was worth 17s. 6d. English money. Yet this value was not uniform, varying slightly according to locality. Slaves and elephants' tusks, however, have always been settled for in barter, not in cowries. Prints and cotton cloth, iron spikes and brass wire have proved the most acceptable payments for such articles of merchandise. But with a few exceptions of this kind, which belong to export commerce, cowries have for ages furnished the money medium. Barth, the traveler, tells us that in Mumyoma, western Africa, the king's revenue was reckoned at 30,000,000 shells, each male adult being assessed to many shells poll tax, so many for every slave and pack animal. There was no evading the tax collector either. It was either prompt payment or else the headsman collected a poll tax in his fashion, and the victim's property was confiscated.

The establishment of the Kongo Free State, with its railways, steamboats, trading posts, and the opening up of this enormous territory to commerce on a great scale will probably before many years exterminate cowry currency in all but the remoter regions. Such money ceases to be of use with the coming of civilized usages.—Harper's Round Table.

Gone Over to Bacon.

"I believe," said the funny boarder, "that the landlady has been won over to the anti-Shakespeare crowd."

"Will you please elucidate?" asked the long armed.

"Well, she gives us bacon for breakfast every morning now, you will note."—Philadelphia North American.

Wise Animal.

"Dear little Dumpsy!" said Mrs. Torker. "I believe he has almost sense enough to talk."

Mrs. Torker's husband looked at the dog thoughtfully. "At any rate," he said, "the brute has sense enough not to."—Chicago Post.